THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 33. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND HONORED.

Magnificent Gathering of the Irish-American People of Chicago and Cook County at Ogden Grove.

Eloquent Speeches by Various Distinguished People, All of Whom Predict the Speedy Accomplishment of Home Rule.

The Address Adopted Advises the Irish to Accept the Measure Under Protest.

Unconditional Release of the Prisoners Held in England for Alleged Outrages Demanded.

Introductory.

The 295th anniversary of the battle of the Yellow Ford, won by the Irish chieftains Hugh O'Neill of Dungannon, generally called in histories of Ireland "Princely Hugh," and Red Hugh (Hugh Roe) O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell, and their allied clans, over Field Marshal Henry Bagenal, and a chosen English army, at the mouth of the Yellow Ford, or Bealan-atha-bwee, was duly celebrated at Ogden Grove, on Tuesday, Aug. 15, by the largest assemblage of Irish-American men and women ever seen in that historic place. The clouds which threatened throughout the morning and afternoon did not break until 11 o'clock at night, and even then so mildly that the slight rain did not interfere with the delight of the pleasure seekers. Never did the grove present so animated and picturesque an appearance, and great credit is due to Mr. Martin Mulcahy, Mr. Thomas Finigan, and other members of the decoration committee, for the magnificent manner in which the speakers' stand was decorated with Irish and American flags and streamers. Prof. O'Donnell, after the speeches of the evening were concluded, "did himself proud on the fireworks display, which was, certainly, one of the finest ever seen in Chicago or elsewhere. The splendid pictures of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Francis Meagher and the old Irish Parliament House, with the Green Flag floating above it were enthusiastically cheered. The people were in the highest spirits, and the best of humor prevailed throughout all the proceedings.

At 2 o'clock, the Hibernian Rifles (7th Regiment I.N.G.) and the Clan-na-Gael Guards, commanded by Col. Colby and Maj. Buckley, mustered at McCoy's Hotel, and escorted to the grove, in carriages, the speakers of the day, the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Mass.; the Hon. T. B. Minihan, of Omaha, Neb.; the Hon. John McCulloch, ex-Home Rule member of parliament, from Dumfries, Scotland; Mr. William Dillon, brother of John Dillon, M.P.; Mr. William McCoy, chairman of the reception committee; Mr. John F. Finerty, president of the United Irish Societies; Mr. William H. Joyce, chairman of the afternoon meeting; Mr. M. J. Keane, chairman of the evening meeting, and several others. The party arrived at the grove, which was already thronged, at 3:30 o'clock and were cordially greeted.

The Audience.

At 5 o'clock, the officers and speakers proceeded to the platform. Just as they reached it, Mrs. Ernest Hart, of the Donegal Castle Irish Village, put in an appearance with a few friends, and was warmly welcomed. Among those on the platform were noticed Attorney-General Maloney, Col. Francis T. Colby, W. A. H. Graham, Hon. W. K. Sullivan, Rev. Fathers M. O'Sullivan, John J. Greene, John Byrnes, Smith and O'Brien, John C. Schubert, Daniel Sullivan, James Lane, born in 1796, and as active as a man of fifty; Coroner James McHale, George B. Henuessy, P. G. Smyth, John Clancy, of Ishpeming, Mich.; Jeremiah Howard, of South Omaha, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. John Byrnes, of New York city; Miss Cahalan and Miss Crowe, of Birmingham, Alabama; Miss Fannie O'Grady and sister, Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Quinn, Dr. Ryan, Dr. McCarthy, T. O'Neill Jones, Thomas Lynch, Peter Fortune, M. Carter, of Austin, Ill.; John S. Mullen, M. P. Leahy, Jas. A. Leahy, James McEnerney, William Killeher, M. C. McDonald, Daniel Gallagher, Jas. Lyman, Richard J. Walsh, and John Trainer.

Among others present were: James A. O'Connell, John J. Mahoney, Hugh K. Tordan, John Dowling, Arthur M'Keon, Jeremiah Moynahan, James O'Brien, Martin Mulcahy, J. J. Brennan, John T. Keating, Maurice Moore, P. J. O'Brien, P. B. Flanagan, Michael Waldron, Ald. W. F. Mahoney, William Houlahan, John Finan, Robert Mulcahy, Frank Conroy, John P. McGoarty, Cornelius Hallihan, Daniel F. O'Connor, William Cunuea, Roger Mulcahy, Patrick Finigan, James Garland, Charles Canty, John Hickey, Miles Kehoe, Patrick Golden, Patrick Morris, William Madden, M. S. Hyland, Joseph P. Mahoney, Martin E. Canty, Edward O'Byrne, W. H. Joyce, James T. Clarke, James Donahoe, Thomas J. Lee, Michael Fitzgerald, Thomas Fitzgerald, John M'Caffrey, (52 Dawson st.) Andrew Crowe, Michael M'Guire, M.J. Keane, M. F. Brady, A. J. Ford, John Long, M. J. Kelly, Thomas Bolan, John T. Hawkins, James C. Strain, Thomas J. Mulrooney, Capt. P. F. Ryan, Thomas Kaniffe, Prof. J. McCarthy, William Hanlon, D. P. Russell, M.D., James McLennon, William Fortune, Morgan A. Collins, James Tracy, John Riordan, Alex. McDonald, James O'Malley, J. J. McArdle, John E. Long, Peter Kelly, James J. Linehan, James Lyman, John T. Gibbons, John F. O'Malley, Walter Carmody, Walter J. Gibbons, John McCaffrey, (North Side); James O'Toole, P. Gibbons, Francis Agnew, Capt. T. J. Ford, F. D. Kinsella, M. J. Harrington, James Sullivan, Thomas Kavanaugh, John F. Healy, Thomas O'Neill Jones, John J. Moylan, Harry P. Fleming, Ald. John Powers, Thomas Cannon, Charles J. Byrne, John McEniff, Dr. J.E. Printy, Edward Murphy, J. D. McCarthy, Capt., Thomas A. Beckett, Ald. J. J. Brennan, Daniel Deasy, Thomas P. Murphy, Patrick Healy, Patrick Scott, James Maher, Patrick Loftus, Bernard Quinn, M. J. McManus, John Gibbons, P. S. Walsh, James McLaughlin, Michael Creighton, Lawrence King, Patrick O'Brien, P. V. Fitzpatrick, John J. O'Connell, Daniel Corkery, Michael Kennedy, Thomas Mulcahy, William Gavin, C. J. McCarthy, Owen Ahern, William McCoy, John McGovern, Martin Garrity, Michael McDonough, M. W. Williams, J. W. Stanton, John Kane, William Carroll, Lawrence Henely, Francis T. Colby, P. F. Conway, John P. Dougherty, T. F. McCarthy, Robert Monahan, Michael Moran, Andrew G. Duggan, Thomas L. Hartigan, John McNulty, Andrew F. Crane, E. S. Cummings, Roger C. Sullivan, J. W. McCarthy and Michael McInerney.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

Mr. Finerty called the great meeting to order at ten minutes past 5 o'clock, and introduced Mr. W. H. Joyce to preside. Mr. Joyce, after a few graceful words, took the chair and called upon Mr. John T. Keating to read the address, which he did in good voice, and with graceful delivery as follows:

The Address.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND COUNTRYMEN: We celebrate today an important event in the history of Ireland and of the Irish people. Although nearly three centuries have rolled away since Hugh O'Neill slew Marshal Bagnal and defeated his formidable army, the splendor of the achievement has not decayed. For a century after the Yellow Ford, Ireland fought for her liberty, sword in hand, under other O'Neills and O'Donnells, under the Graces, the Fitzgeralds and the Sarsfields. When, finally, she sheathed the sword, she did not surrender it, but marched out of brave old Limerick with all the honors of war. Beyond the seas, in France, in Belgium, in Spain, in Germany and Bohemia, in a thousand fields of fame, "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," her sword kept stainless the martial glory of her exiled warriors, and her brigades were disbanded only when a new order of things, at the close of the last century, prevailed in Europe. Even then, under the great Napoleon, her Green Flag, with its radiant emblem of the sun, blazed beside the eagles of the conqueror, and the Clarkes, the Kilmaines, and the Lawlesses, proved themselves the worthy successors of the O'Briens, the Dillons and the Lallys. Today, after generations have passed, France holds Ireland in honor as the ancestral land of her MacMahon; Spain cherishes the memory of O'Donnell; Austria remembers Nugent and O'Reilly, and honors Taafe; and Chili and Bolivia, the children of Iberia, build monuments of glory to commemorate the gallant deeds of Lynch and O'Higgins.

Nor has Ireland's military record suffered in this land of our adoption, where the deeds of Meagher and Corcoran, Shields and Mulligan, Logan and Sheridan, in defense of Union and Liberty, have placed a fresher wreath of laurels on the brow of their motherland. The general who commanded the forces of the Union on the field of Gettysburg was the grandson of an Irishman, and we can truthfully claim George G. Meade as a member of that race whose martial fire "seldom flags and never wholly fails."

We do not remind you of these facts in any spirit of vainglory, but we think it necessary to illustrate, at gatherings of this kind, the brightest landmarks of our history, as a people, both at home and abroad. We might go to the armies of England for added glory, in the martial sense, but we disdain to claim laurels steeped in the blood of nations that have never wronged us as a race. We have no pride in British victories, even when won by Irishmen, because every victory won by Britain only served to make heavier the chains upon Ireland, and to retard the rise and progress of government by popular sovereignty.

In regard to the relations now existing between Great Britain and Ireland, we desire to say that, while we do not desire in any sense to dictate to the Irish people, proper, the policy they should pursue, we claim, as friends and supporters of their cause, the right to make suggestions and declare our opinions. We do not, then, regard the measure of home rule for Ireland, proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and now before the British house of commons for final passage, as far as that body is concerned, a satisfactory settlement of the Irish national demand. We do not consider it even a broad and generous beginning, and we think it is loaded down with hostile amendments, unnecessarily accepted by its promoters, which cannot fail to make it an awkward and rather unworkable instrument of government. But, while cognizant of these facts, we, at the same time, are fearful that a total rejection of the measure by the representatives of the people of Ireland in parliament, or by any considerable portion of them, would be more fatal to the future of the Irish struggle for self-government than its acceptance by them, under protest. It seems to us that the reduction of representation at Westminster by twenty-three members, the small number of legislators to be elected for the projected Dublin parliament, if such it may be called, the indefiniteness of the financial provisions, which, in fact, are unreasonably deferred, the failure to give the proposed Irish government control of a centralized and armed police force, to make, if necessary, its authority respected in recalcitrant districts, and other grave defects, make it imperative that the Irish people should give the British nation clearly to understand that they cannot be cajoled into permanent provincialism by a bill that notoriously fails in the vital principles of self-government.

These are our honest views regarding the Home Rule bill, and we regret that the timidity of Mr. Gladstone and truculence of the British Tory party, have made it necessary for us to criticise its provisions without reservation. We would wish to see the Anglo-Irish difficulty immediately, and honorably, settled, because, while it remains unsettled, our minds, like those of our kindred at home, will be agitated by a knowledge of the continuance of misgovernment in Ireland, unworthy of modern civilization, and shocking in the eyes of all well-disposed people.

We believe the age has passed when the alleged military, commercial and political necessities of a powerful nation can be successfully urged in justification of the conquest and plunder of smaller states, which stand upon the same plane of civilization, and which have had an independent existence, as in the case of Ireland, co-equal with, if not anterior to, that of their conquerors. We know that the claims of Ireland to an ancient independent career have been sneered at by flippant writers, but their arguments, if they may be dignified by that term, apply with equal force to England itself, which has been, successively, the spoil of the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman. The ancient independent kingdoms of Ireland, bound together by the authority of a chief king, generally elected by the people, were, to say the least, quite as much in harmony with modern ideas of Federal government as the Saxon Heptarchy.

We view with feelings of ardent sympathy the efforts now being put forward in London and Dublin, by Charles Gavan Duffy and other distinguished literary men of the race, to revive Irish literature, and we recommend to the Irish-American people the new National Library of Ireland, in course of publication, which will deal with events in Irish social, political and educational history, with which all our people should be acquainted.

We earnestly solicit our kindred in Ireland to curb the spirit of faction and present a united front to the national adversary; and we sincerely hope that personal jealousies and ambitions will be subordinated to the general good. More than half of Ireland's strength is wasted in unreasonable disputes, which might be easily settled by exercising a spirit of mutual toleration. "Let us," said Grattan, "tolerate each other, or we must tolerate the common enemy."

We recommend that an unanimous effort be made by the Irish-American people, irrespective of creed or political affiliation, to render Irish Day, Saturday, Sept. 30, at the World's Fair, a demonstration creitable to us as a race, and worthy the grandeur of the great country of our adoption.

We cannot allow an occasion of this kind, so representative of our people, to pass away without placing on record our desire to see the men now confined in British prisons for alleged complicity in what are generally termed "the dynamite outrages"—perpetrated in Great Britain ten years ago, at a period of great popular excitement, and when coercive laws were still in full force in Ireland—liberated, in the first place, because, even if they were guilty as charged, no loss of human life resulted from their acts; in the second place, because the circumstances of the times in which said acts were committed were such as to unbalance the judgment of men influenced by a passionate feeling of patriotism, which would not stop short of any sacrifice demanded, in their opinion, by the then existing situation; and in the third place, because they have served out their terms under the ordinary law governing such cases. We think that any Home Rule measure that would be unaccompanied by the unconditional release of said prisoners would be lame and, in a general sense, unsatisfactory, especially as we have high British authority for stating that to their efforts, however implacably directed, the present concession of self-government to Ireland is due.

In this spirit, fellow-countrymen, we bid you welcome to this gathering, and ask your endorsement of our sentiments as herein expressed.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of the late John J. Fitzgibbon and Owen Murray were also read, and the address and resolutions being put by the chairman, and heartily seconded by the people, they were carried without a dissenting voice.

Owing to an accident to the train on which he traveled from Omaha, Mr. Minihan was not ready to speak at the hour appointed for him, and the chairman called upon Mr. William Dillon to speak. Mr. Dillon, who was taken quite by surprise, made a very practical speech, in the course of which he said:

Mr. Dillon's Remarks.

I came here today as the guest of my friend, Mr. Finerty, and had no idea that I would be called on to make a speech, and as I do not possess the faculty of making a good speech on five minutes' notice, without having anything to say, you must excuse me if I am brief. I suppose you will expect to hear something from me on the present position and prospects of Home Rule. Well, I think it seems to be now pretty sure that the Home Rule bill has weathered all its dangers in the house of commons, and that the third reading will pass that house by a substantial majority. I presume it is equally certain that the house of lords will throw out the bill. As to what will happen then, we can only conjecture. I believe Mr. Gladstone will introduce and pass through the house of commons some of the leading measures of the Newcastle programme, especially the one man one vote bill. The house of lords will then be placed in the dilemma that they will either have to throw out this measure also or allow Mr. Gladstone to go to the country on a much more advantageous franchise. In either case, the chances would seem to be strongly in his favor. Moreover, the Irish members will have a good opportunity during this fall session of earning the gratitude of the English democracy by sticking to their posts in the house of commons, and helping to pass measures in which the English democracy is much interested, and which could not pass the present house of commons without the aid of the Irish members. I have no doubt but that they will render this service to the democracy of England, and I have no doubt but that it will be rememberd to them at the next election. (Applause).

As to the measure being a final settlement, I don't set much store upon this talk of final settlement. Neither the English nor the Irish people have the power to bind the next generation by any settlement they may make, and all arrangements of this character are nepessarily subject to revision in such respects as experience may show them to be capable of improvement. Mr. Gladstone has himself admitted that in several respects this bill can only be regarded as provisional and experimental. We are all agreed, I think, that the wisest course for the Irish members is to take it, and not to do anything to defeat its passage, and then to proceed hereafter to improve it in the points in which they may find it defective. Moreover, I think that, whatever its defects may be, the mere concession of the principle, the mere granting to Ireland of her own parliament with power to legislate for Ireland, cannot fail to have an enormous effect for good upon the Irish people. When they see their own parliament assembled again in the old house which once echoed with the eloquence of Grattan and of Flood, the effect in the direction of strengthening the national spirit will be very great. The thoughts of the Irish people will go back to that day when Henry Grattan, in the spirit of prophecy, told the destroyers of Ireland's parliament that, though his country might be in a swoon, she was not dead, and that the spirit of liberty would survive the efforts of the corruptionist, and live again in happier days. And in the sight of this parliament and the associations which it will call up, the spirit of Irish nationality, which has shown such wonderful vitality in the past, will receive new life and the promise of immortality. (Applause).

Mr. McCulloch's Remarks.

Mr. John McCulloch, ex-M.P. for the St. Rollox division of Glasgow, who was received with great cheering, said that while it might embarrass him to speak without warning, he was reassured in the knowledge that any one who voted for the first Home Rule bill would ever be welcomed by an Irish audience. (Applause.) He was a Home Ruler because he believed it an inherent natural right, and as germane to the case of Scotland as of Ireland, India or Hottentotia. Indeed the principle must ultimately have universal application. No doubt the Home Rule bill of 1886 had defects, and when talking to Mr. Gladstone he told him that while nothing would deter him from voting for the institution of a parliament in Dublin, he would not have voted for the total withdrawal of the Irish members from Westminster, the fixed Irish tribute, the dual order in, and the property qualification for, the new Irish legislature. Mr. Gladstone's reply was a surprise, "I would not have blamed you." The new bill, too, has its defects; some of the old ones have been retained. But the allowance for the new Irish legislature is liberal enough to satisfy Scotchmen for theirs; no less than $2,500,000 per annum. The house of lords will likely vote dead against the bill, but Mr. Gladstone will not on that account dissolve parliament. He will proceed with British legislation—especially an amendment of the electoral system—whereby one man will have one and only one vote, and the residence qualification be restricted to three instead of twelve months. If that be rejected by the house of lords, then the abolition of the second chamber will be the cry by which the Liberals would sweep the country, and Home Rule be consummated. (Cheers.) But compromise will almost certainly precede that stage, for the house of lords is wise enough not to risk its own existence on any one bill. When home rule is an accomplished fact, all the troubles of Ireland will not have disappeared; but for his part he had confidence that the Irish leaders would not belie the trust reposed in them by nationalizing denominational education, by unwise land legislation, or by the institution of protective tariffs. That Ireland would with home rule give to her sons at home the opportunities which they had so well utilized abroad, and a heritage for all succeeding generations, he believed. Ireland could with wise laws and a contented people maintain a population of fifteen to twenty millions in perfect comfort, and this he hoped would be proved by the beneficient rule of a self-governing people; for the Irish had not, as was sometimes asserted, no "double dose of original sin." (Applause.)

Mr. McCulloch, after some further observations, which were greatly applauded, resumed his seat.

Mrs. Ernest Hart was then called for, and, on going to the front of the platform, was received with great enthusiasm. She expressed herself much pleased at seeing before her such a large and representative audience of the Irish people, and she was happy to be able to say that, at last, a better day seemed about to dawn for Ireland. As an Englishwoman, anxious for the honor of her native country, she had ever wished to see Ireland self-governed and freed from all outside vexatious interference in her affairs. She wished to see Irish industries increase and multiply and fill the island with peace, plenty and commercial prosperity. (Applause.) In these sentiments her husband, Dr. Hart, shared, and, to show the faith that was in him, he had stood as a Home Rule candidate in a strong Tory district, and was, of course, defeated. But it was better to be defeated in a good cause than be triumphant in a bad one. (Great applause.) As they had given her such a cordial reception, she could only return the compliment by inviting them to visit her at Donegal Castle, where they would find something to remind them of brave old Ireland. (Continued applause.)

Mr. Finerty then declared the meeting dismissed until 8 o'clock p. m.

THE EVENING MEETING.

At the latter hour the attendance was almost impressive, and the vast array of humanity, as seen beneath the electric lights, was an imposing spectacle to behold.

Mr. M. J. Keane took the chair and briefly introduced the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, who delivered a masterly speech, at once historical, rhetorical and practical. He spoke for nearly an hour and his remarks were frequently perioded by generous applause. Mr. Fitzgerald's mannor of delivery is exceedingly attractive and the audience could have listened to him all night.

The Hon. T. B. Minihan, of Omaha, Neb., was next introduced, and was well received. He delivered a most oratorical effort, which we would like to produce in full, but space compels us to forego that pleasure, but we give the following extract from his splendid speech:

Mr. Minihan's Speech.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To the Irish exile, these gatherings are always suggestive. They link the present with the past. They keep the memory of the old land green. Like Rembrant lights that linger at evening when the day is done; like the magic spell of old lullaby's crooned in Irish cabins; as when the hand of the harper, straying among the strings, stirs again some lost chord; so I fancy these reunions of the scattered Gael re-awaken sad but exquisite recollections. Scenes of other days rise through the mist of years, and, like a mirage, cheat, for a passing moment, the all too realistic present. A bit of landscape, touched with beauty from the bosom of Killarney; the Bells of Shandon, softly chiming upon the waters of the River Lee; an Irish dawn breaking upon the hills of Tara; twilight falling at the "Meeting of the Waters;" some tower-crowned headland fronting the sea, and clothed with grandeur, from the brow of the Giant's Causeway; the moonlight sifting through the storied ruins of fairy-haunted Clonmacnois, or it may be silvering some ivy-mantled mucross abbey. From instantaneous glimpses of these, how easy the transition to imagine we can hear mystic greetings telephoned by the winds of the Atlantic, interchanging messages of Irish hope and Irish love from shore to shore. (Applause. Sounds of old familiar voices break the coffined silence of death; dead faces robed in the love-light of Madonna haloes; the touch of hands unseen, how they all beckon and whisper you back—back to that "Stream-silvered, lake-jeweled, sea-girdled isle," back to the dearest spot on earth—the home of childhood. Scarcely withholding the tribute of a tear, I hear you repeating with the plowman poet:

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

We who are native here and to the manner born—you of Illinois, we of Nebraska, are we the less American because at times we gather at the banquet board of some New England, some Pennsylvania or Ohio club? We love the new homes planted upon the sun lit prairies. Yet, how often retrospection hallows even for us an hour filled with memories of those older hearthstones in the valley of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and far beyond the Alleghanies? Something, perhaps, of what I mean is so beautifully expressed by Tom Moore:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the rose will cling round it still."

What narrow, mean, contemptible spirit of criticism, then will dare to challenge the Irishman's love for America because on days like this his heart instinctively wanders back, keeping time to the music of "Home, Sweet Home." No, no! There never has been, there never can be reason to doubt the Irishman's stern allegiance to the great flag. (Applause.) There is a custom just now (one, too, by the way, "more honored in the breach than in the observance") of wearing a miniature flag upon the lapel. The Irishman rather chooses to wear that flag in the sanctuary of his heart; to wear it where he wore it in the bloody days of the sixties. At Shiloh and the Wilderness with Ulysses S. Grant; at Fredericksburg, keeping step with Meagher, to the sternest music of death; on "The March To the Sea," hedging it round with loyal steel; at Winchester, snatching it from defeat, with that grim, gallant, picturesque Murat of the Rebellion, our own immortal Phil Sheridan. Love the flag! Why, all its folds are wet with Irish blood! (Applause.) Its stars have caught some of the best light of their "purest ray serene" from the flash, in Freedom's fight, of Ireland's "Excalebar." Yes: we love the flag; not as the Orangeman loves the English rag, because it is red. We love it because it has always been nobly right; because its folds are broad enough to shelter every race, grand enough to protect every creed. As the sons of Irishmen, we love old glory; because, in the dark days of famine and of exile, it was here our fathers saw a light as did the Israelites of old when following the pillar of fire by night and the luminous cloud of hope by day. We love the flag; because it was only yesterday we saw it kissed by the breeze from the Shannon and the Liffey, as it floated the ensign of a nation's charity to save from starvation landlord robbed Ireland. "We love the Stars and Stripes; because it was under the aegis of its power that the doors of English prisons swung upon their hinges and gave back to Freedom's fight the Emmets of our times, the Parnells, the Davitts, the Dillons and the O'Briens. We love the flag; because it has the grand gospel of its teaching that converted Gladstone from a tyrant of coercion in 1882, into the English Wendell Phillips of today. We love the flag; because every star in its constellation is forever fixed in the broad zenith of that universal brotherhood of American citizenship which recognizes no creed and knows no nationality. Under this flag there are no Irish, no English, neither is there German, Swede nor Scandinavian—one and all, we are nothing unless, heart and soul, we are Americans. More than all we love the flag; because it is ours; because by reason of it we are here; here, bone of its bone, and blood of its blood, of the great republic in defense of whose institutions against any and every power or influence under heaven the Irishman—his children's children—will always be found shoulder to shoulder with the Puritan of the North and the Cavalier of the South. (Applause.)

Who are these fellows who fall into epileptic fits of Americanism whenever the Irish flag is flung to the breeze? True born Americans? Countrymen of Israel Putnam, of Ethan Allen, of Joseph Warren, of the Rutledges, the Sumpters, the Pinkneys and the Marions? Never! Who, then, are they? Well, there are some things one can scarcely whisper in good society. With all his genius even Burns barely escaped offending polite ears when immortalizing a—louse. Out upon the

"Crawlin' ferlie;
The creepin', blastit wunners!"

There's a unique perversion of nature known to the naturalist of the plains. It is the timid, barking, little prairie dog, the envenomed rattlesnake and the day-blinded owl. As God made them so he matched them, for they all burrow, bark, hiss and hoot from the door of the same hold in the ground. The single perfection needed to make this filthy family complete would be that other sweet scented chefdoeuror of nature—a full blown, unadulterated skunk. I mean his prototype among men—an A. P. A. God help such Americans! A cross between a London dude and a Montreal Orangeman. How in keeping with the fitness of things it would be if those patriots, instead of taking their cue from Westminster, would only take a hint from the last act in the tragedy of Judas Iscariot—leave the light of the present, go out into the darkness of the past and hang themselves. I think it is in one of Dion Beaucicault's dramas, that some Shaun Rhue, some Kerry Gow, condenses a whole volume of withering scorn and contempt as he hurls at the Irish Iago, the Danny Mann of the play: "Sit down, ye sphiders!" To the whole dark lantern outfit now dogging the steps of the Irish-Americans' invincible upward trend in the nation, we say: "Sit down, ye sphiders!" To the Choats, the Lowells, the Harpers and the Bishop Newmans, we repeat it: "Sit down, you spiders!" Possibly it would be more charitable to fling after the Pharasee patriots an Irishman's left-handed blessing: May the light of civilization overtake them long before good luck soils her Cinderella slipper on their befogged pathway!

For the honor of the nation, thank God, there is another class of Americans; men and women whose sense of fair play, whose love of human rights is bounded by no narrow, geographical lines. A class who remember that Daniel O'Connell's voice was only echoed when the now forever stilled eloquence of our own Phillips—that Titan of Americanism—sounded the bugle-blast of freedom that thrilled the nation's heart until we saw the shackles fall from the black slaves of the southern plantations. A class of people who read the story of Owen Roe O'Neill, as portrayed in Mrs. Sadlier's enchanting romance of the "Irish Chieftains"; the story of Wolfe Tone, of Thaddeus of Warsaw, of Wallace, of Tell and "Bruce of Bannockburn," with the same generous thrill they might feel if those immortal names had been American. A class of people whose sympathies prove the poet more philosopher than dreamer when he said, "One touch of nature makes all mankind kin." A class whose hearts burn with indignation as intense whether standing beneath the scaffold of Robert Emmet or kneeling above the grave of Marshal Ney. A class who feel for the slave whether his sigh be wafted from the Indian Ocean, is heard in the clank of chains upon the plains of Siberia, or comes from where Shannon's silvery floods give back the Irish landscapes whose beauty seems like vistas stretching from the very foothills of heaven. These are the true-born Americans; earth's grandest men, its noblest women. (Applause.)

But I am drifting from my subject. I had intended to speak to you of home rule for Ireland. On the French side of the English Channell is the little seaboard town of Calais. For years its possession was the bloody bone of contention in the great wars between England and France. At last the garrison was surrounded by one of the Plantagenet queens. When she was dying she said to the attendants about her that if her heart should be dissected they would find "Calais" written upon it. However this may have been, I have an idea that if the scalpel were to open the well regulated heart of the humblest Irishman who treads the earth, "Home Rule for Ireland" would be found written somewhere very near the core. (Applause.) We are told that Hannibal was sworn by his father, upon the altar of his country, to eternal enmity with Rome. In the case of the Irish father I take it the oath

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued).

The siege went on:—the besiegers, despite the strong nature of the soil, pushing their approaches daily nearer and nearer to the fort. Esmonde and Preston exchanged letters on the subject of capitulation, but the correspondence effected nothing. At length, when the siege had lasted just eight weeks, came a day which Preston had chosen for a desperate assault. That day was Monday, St. Patrick's Day, 1645.

The morning saw the column of assault, a determined body of picked men, each of whom wore on his hat, or affixed to his helmet, a sprig of the "chosen leaf" in honor of the national festival, drawn up in the trenches opposite the northern sally-port of Duncannon. This was the point of attack, for beneath the sally-port lay a mine of powder which the Flemish engineers had been engaged in making during the two previous days. O'Tracy and his friend O'Cuirnin were among the "forlorn hope," and they anxiously waited for the explosion of the mine.

It soon came. A dull, rumbling noise, followed by a violent shock, seemed to come from the bowels of the earth; the ground under the sally-port was upheaved as by an earthquake, and a dense column of smoke and dust mounted into the air, which, on clearing away, showed a large breach yawning in the wall.

"Forward, men, in honor of St. Patrick! Clear the breach—charge!"

With a ringing cheer the attacking party leaped from the trenches and rushed at the breach, scrambling rapidly over the heap of loose stones and debris. A volley greeted their approach, and in a moment they were engaged in a close hand-to-hand fight with the troops of the garrison, who opposed them with the utmost fierceness and valor. At the same time came the combined roar of the Irish batteries and the shriek of flying shells, as Laloe directed the fire of cannon and mortars against the walls of the fort. The thatched barracks and granaries on the rock were soon wrapped in flames.

The fight in the breach was maintained for a long time with great obstinacy. It was a desperate and sanguinary struggle—a continuous rattle of small arms—a fierce thrusting of pike and sword—a clamour of battle-cries and groans—several men falling dead or wounded on both sides—and struggling couples, locked in a close and deadly embrace, rolling over and over down the bloody heap of rubbish. At length the deputy-governer of the fort, Captain Russell—who had succeeded Captain Lurken, killed five days before—was slain at the head of his men, who then gave way in disorder before the impetuous charge of the stormers, and retired behind the inner ramparts.

And now boom! boom! flashed the guns of the fort facing the breach. A tempest of missiles tore through the midst of the stormers, driving them back in confusion to their trenches, and placing many of them *hors de combat* So ended the first attack.

Again rang out the thunderous diapason of artillery as Preston pushed forward his guns to the very brink of the deep, dry ditch of the fort and plumped his balls into the high tower, which lay next to the massive inner gate. Soon the face of the tower gaped with innumerable fissures, and a great fragment of its masonry came down with a mighty crash. Then the cannonade ceased, for another assault was ordered.

Now occurred the most notable incident of the day, perhaps of the entire siege—notable for the desperate bravery and resolve which it displayed both on the part of the besiegers and besieged. Out from the trenches bounded a chosen party of one hundred and forty men, some bearing scaling-ladders, some hurdles covered with hides. Into the ditch they scrambled, and out again on the side of the fort, while the cannon flashed and roared along the ramparts of Duncannon, where even the wives and children of the besieged soldiers were assisting as best they might in the desperate struggle. On rushed the stormers, many of them, whose places were instantly taken by others, falling on the way beneath the deadly hail from the battlements. On they rushed, and soon their scaling-ladders were against the crumbling tower, into which they scrambled by demolished windows and fissures. They found it deserted by the besieged, and sent up a loud cheer of triumph as they waved the flag of the Confederation from the roof. An answering cheer rose loudly from the troops in the trenches.

"M'anam an diaoul!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuirnin, as he gave O'Tracy's hand a congratulatory shake, "that is the hottest piece of service I've seen since we rode with the Slasher across the bridge of Finae. Thank heaven it's over!"

But it was not yet over.

The captured tower was commanded by the innermost fortifications, from which the besieged poured on it a shower of heavy projectiles, among which were *stone balls* and *iron stakes*, to the use of which the defenders of Duncannon were now reduced. The already battered and shot-torn tower seemed to totter at each successive discharge, but still the Irish maintained themselves therein, keeping up a musketry fire from windows and shot-holes. But after holding their almost untenable position for an hour, they were compelled to abandon it and retire to their lines. As the retreat was ordered, Niall O'Cuirnin looked about for our hero. He discovered him lying on a pile of rubbish beneath one of the windows, in the midst of several dead and wounded men.

"O'Tracy," he exclaimed anxiously, "you are wounded!"

"Yes, Niall," was the feeble answer; —"dying, I think. Save yourself while you can;—I fear it is all up with me."

"Courage, man alive," was the answer; and, aided by another, O'Cuirnin managed to carry his wounded friend out of the tower, which was now being evacuated, the besiegers leaping from holes and windows. Nor did he relinquish him until, despite the whistling balls from the ramparts, he carried him quite across the intervening ground, ditch and all, to the Irish trenches, where the celebrated doctor, Owen O'Sheil, "the Eagle of Doctors," and author of the "Lily of Medicine," was finding ample occupation for his *tourniquets* and bandages, probes and amputation saw, among the Irish wounded. Edmund's ailment was a bullet wound in his breast, which necessitated his placing himself under the care of the "Eagle of Doctors" for three days, within which time Duncannon capitulated.

Its surrender may be briefly noticed. The evacuation of the shattered tower by the besiegers was the last incident of the fierce assault of St. Patrick's Day, which cost the Irish about twenty-four killed and perhaps twice as many dangerously wounded, and made the besieged suffer in proportion. Next day arose the question of burying the dead, which led to the consideration of a treaty of surrender, and ere the day was out the articles of capitulation were signed, viz, that on the following day, the 19th of March, 1645, Lord Esmonde should surrender the fort to Gen. Preston for the king's service; that the garrison should march out with the honors of war—with baggage, drums beating, and colors flying; that each soldier should retain the third part of a pike, and each officer the insignia of his rank; and that the whole garrison should be provided with safe conduct to Dublin or Youghal. So, after a siege of eight weeks, the loss of between thirty and forty men, and the expenditure of 19,000 pounds of powder by the besiegers, the Irish flag waved over the battlements of Duncannon.

Old Esmonde remained in the fort until a carriage arrived to take him to Dublin. He set off for that city, but died on the way, and was buried near his manor of Limerick, county Wexford. It may be added that his wide estates came, in course of time, into the hands of his grandson Lawrence, the son of the unfortunate Sir Thomas.

The day following that of the marching out of the garrison, saw two well-mounted cavaliers set out on the road leading from Duncannon to New Ross. One was Edmund O'Tracy, who believed himself sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey; the other was his friend O'Cuirnin. The route led northwards along the left banks of the Suir and Barrow, through a rich and picturesque tract of country; past many a stately wood loaded with the first tender green buds of springtime; past many a hoary ruin haunted by its own tale of the past; past the ruined commandery of Ballyhack, where of old flew the holy standard of the Knight's of St. John, emblazoned with the Agnus Dei; past the magnificent pile of Dunbrody Abbey, first raised by the pious, valorous, free-booting old Norman, Hervey de Montmarisco.

Shortly after coming in sight of the latter venerable edifice, Edmund felt himself seized by a strange, dull throbbing sensation, which made him reel and sway in his saddle like a drunken man. He should have fallen but for the interposition of the arm of his companion, who, reining-in his steed, assisted him to alight. Observing a small cabin a short distance off, O'Cuirnan supported his friend towards it. It was tenanted only by a poor woman and her idiot son. On entering, Edmund threw himself wearily on a couch, and then he saw advancing into the chamber where he lay a long train of persons of his acquaintance—friends and enemies, living and dead, joined in one strange procession: Owen O'Rourke and his brother Con, Rory O'Moore and Myles the Slasher, Rose O'Reilly and Lasarina Cruise, Gilbert Harrison the ruffian Swanley. They ranged themselves round the room; they pointed at him with long, lean fingers; they gibbered and mocked at him in his agony, for his blood seemed all on fire.

The fact was, he lay in a burning and raging fever!

Niall was not slow to perceive what was the matter with him, and he adopted the best course possible under the circumstances. Remounting his horse he rode back post haste to Duncannon and sought out the worthy Doctor Owen O'Shiel, who accompanied him back to the cabin. As he examined the patient, the Irish Æsculapius of thr age and the favorite physician of Owen Roe O'Neill shook his head ominously.

"The poor fellow is in for it," he remarked; "but if there be a curative salve in the 'Lily of Medicine' I'll put him through. But this old *callaigh* is not fit to tend him—he'll want a nurse."

The nurse was forthcoming, and no more tender or careful one ever moved about a sick bed. For weeks the patient lay struggling with his malady. At length when he became conscious of his surroundings, one of the first objects that attracted his attention was a lithe, graceful form that hovered constantly around his couch, ministering to his every want. And betimes a small white hand would be laid on his brow, and he would see bending over him a fair young countenance—a countenance of anxious and loving sympathy—the face, as it seemed to him, of an angel, though an angel of flesh and blood. Leal and true to her lover in the hour of his need was the Wild Rose of Lough Gill.

As he at length recovered from his illness, and commenced to exercise his feeble limbs, the beauty and bloom of summer reigned supreme over the land. In the centre of one of the loveliest districts of Munster, his convalescence was like a delightful dream, the delight being increased by the companionship of Kathleen and her brother—for the latter had had his leave of absence lengthened by Owen Roe. One beautiful evening he saw the trio sitting beneath the shadow of Dunbrody Abbey. Before them, bright and calm in the cheerful glow of the sunshine, and domed by the blue summer heaven, lay an exquisite prospect; the blended waters of the Nore and Barrow joining the silvery Suir in the midst of the green, wooded, and undulating hills which, a century later, inspired the muse of Donogh MacConmara of Waterford. Who has not heard of the celebrated Cumar na Tri Uaisge —the heavenly Vale of the Three Waters?—

"The dewdrops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn
On the Fair Hills of Eire, O!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn
On the Fair Hills of Eire, O!
The watercress and sorrel fill the vale below,
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow,
While the waves of the Suir—noble river —ever flow
Near the Fair Hills of Eire, O!"

"Oh! mavourneen," said O'Tracy, "if the current of our united lives flow onward to eternity, like that of those two noble rivers, shall we not be happy?—you and I, achorra—the Nore and the Barrow."

"You forget there are three rivers joined," remarked Niall O'Cuirnin, jestingly: "what about the Suir?"

"You shall be our Suir, brother Niall," said Kathleen, as she clasped the hands of her lover and her brother.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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CHANGING IRISH NAMES.

[*Eugene Davis in Western Watchman.*

The result of ages of British misrule has told severely on the Irish race in some respects. Those among them—fortunately a miserable minority—whose political spines were as flexible as the branches of a willow tree, forswore their nationality, and became more English than the English themselves. These, at least, were not the salt of Irish earth. In the Penal days they sold their souls and consciences to England rather than be stripped of their properties by heretics. The descendants of several of the old kings and princes of Erin, like the O'Connor Don of Connacht, the decendent of Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish sovereigns, the O'Donoghue of the Glens, and the MacDermott, Prince of Coolavin, were in our own day the most degenerate of West Britons. During a gloom that wrapped the land in a death shroud from the date of the violation of the Treaty of Limerick to the establisement of Grattan's parliament in 1782 several hundred Irish families changed their fine old Milesian names for those of the harsh, uncouth Anglo-Saxon. Thus the MacGowans, once the knightliest knights in the army of Irish chivalry, became mere commonplace Smyths; some of the O'Donnels of the North Scotchified themselves into MacDonalds, a few of the MacSwineys of Donegal degenerated into Swines (!), and certain McCarthys of Cork into Cartys or Cartes. I know a citizen of Boston named O'Mealy. I am not aware whether it was he or one of his ancestors who changed that fine, soulful, melodious name of O'Malley into a nomenclature which has neither rhyme nor reason for its existence. There happens to live in a town in Michigan a descendant of the MacGillicuddies of the Reeks of Kerry, who has cut down that historic name to Mack. A Chicago firm of Irishmen does business as Mac & Mack. Several O'Connors of Brooklyn have blossomed into Coniers and palm themselves off as the scions of an old French family. Delaney, another Celtic name has been swallowed up in DeLany or DeLauney, who trace their lineage to an ancient stock of French Crusaders. "Cavanagh has been anglicized into Cavanaugh, and Moore into Moar." Scorces of Lenihans have rebaptized themselves Leonards, Mulligans have dwindled into Browns, and Costigans into Robinsons. A few of the Murphys have played sad havoc with the spelling of their names, and are now known as Morphys or Morpheys. It is said that the Le Boutilliers, the famous dry goods firm of New York, city, owned the Limerick name of Butler in a previous generation, while a certain Mr. Duffy of the same city apes the manners and dress of a Parisian swell, and is known on Broadway as Monsieur Dufay. There might be some excuse for the majority of these people if they had been encumbered at the baptismal fount with such names as Judd or Cod, or Mudd or Hogg, but to slaughter these grand old Celtic patronymics of theirs in order to take to their bosoms such vile and unmusical names as those they now wear, shows an utter lack of common sense as well as of common decency. Most of them, sad to say, abandoned their Irish names with the view of not being regarded as Irish. They would drain their very Irish veins of Irish blood, too, were it not that by so doing they would put another job in the hands of undertakers. These slavish human reptiles end by belonging to no nationality. The true Irish despise them; the true Americans disown them.

A Ruinous Loss.

Why is it that people in general are so prone to disregard loss of strength, clearly perceptible in bodily shringage, failure of appetite, broken rest? Incomprehensible but true. Sheer carelessness, an overweening confidence in the power of nature to recuperate—these are suggestible reasons. One of the most observable signals of danger thrown by distressed nature is waning strength. An efficient tonic is the best safeguard against impending peril. Among the invigorants which modern science has developed and experience approved is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it occupies the first place. Digestion, renewed by this genial stomachic, compensates for a drain of vital force, and a regular action of the bowels and tranquil condition of the nerves, both insured by its use, co-operate in the complete restoration of vigor. The Bitters remedies liver and kidney trouble and malaria.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago. St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

URGENT NEED OF A FAT REDUCER.

The Owner of a Very Fine Dog Has Resolved to Purchase a Bicycle.

Smith gave Brown a fine pup a year ago, and the other day the two men met.

"How's the dog?" asked Smith.

"He's the handsomest dog in New York," answered Brown proudly. "Everybody who sees him falls in love with him. Dozens of people have tried to buy him from me. He has been stolen twice, but I got him back both times. He's a fine dog. You ought to see him now, but"—and he gave a sigh.

"But what?"

"Oh, he's a good dog, a beautiful dog—there's none better. I wouldn't part with him for the world, but"——

"Well, what about it?"

"You see he requires a good deal of exercise; in fact, no end of exercise. He gets so fat, you know."

"Why don't you diet him?"

"Oh, I've dieted him. I turned him loose to run. I got him to chase a baseball. I taught him to swim into the river after sticks, and I lamed my arm throwing sticks for him so that I could hardly use it. I've encouraged him to chase cows, dogs, chickens, everything, so as to get exercise, but he will get fat."

"Why don't you try going on long walks with him?"

"Long walks? Man alive, I've walked all over Long Island with that dog. I got in such fine training that I could walk 25 miles and never feel it. But you see the trouble is he's lazy. He just trots along behind me comfortably, and he doesn't get a bit thinner. That dog's a caution for taking on fat."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, you see," said Brown, with a bright smile of hope, "the dog needs so much exercise that I have studied the subject carefully. Now I'm going to get a bicycle and ride several miles a day. I'll hit it up as fast as I can go, and he'll have to keep a pretty lively gait to follow me. I'm sure that will keep his fat down. Anyway I'm going to try it. Don't you think," he asked with warmth, "that it's a good idea?"

"It seems to be," said the former owner of the dog. "But how about you? Do you like bicycle riding?"

"No—er—I can't say that I do, but it will be good for the dog. You see he's a wonder for taking on fat. I'm pretty thin myself, and this exercise is making me thinner. I suppose the bicycle riding will reduce my weight still further, but if it will help the dog—well, I'll be satisfied; wouldn't you?"

"Um—perhaps so."

"But say," said Brown when they were parting, "I wish you could see him now. He's the best dog on Long Island," he added with a confident smile. "I wouldn't part with him for anything."—New York Tribune.

A Royal Reception For Patti.

Mme. Patti had arranged to sing at Bucharest on a certain date, but could not be persuaded to leave Vienna owing to the inclemency of the weather. So M. Schumann, who was in despair, telegraphed to his agent in the Roumanian capital to the effect that the diva must at all hazards be met at the station at Bucharest by a deputation of Roumanian nobles and ordered him to send a telegram to the following effect: "Members of the Italian and Roumanian aristocracy preparing magnificent reception for Patti. Cabinet represented. Torchlight processions, military bands. Wire hour of arrival."

The telegram duly arrived and was shown to Mme. Patti, who was enchanted and at once made ready to start. As the train steamed into Bucharest next evening the scene was truly imposing—flags were flying, bands playing and torches flaring. The diva was escorted to her hotel by an enthusiastic crowd, and as they entered the door M. Schumann signed to his agent to accompany him. The latter, however, refused, promising an explanation next morning.

It turned out that he had hired a gang of loafers and vagabonds and dressed them up for the occasion, securing a choice selection of aristocrats for the modest sum of about £13. But he naturally was loath to leave them for a moment until the show was over, as they would otherwise have infallibly decamped with their hired costumes.—"Etoiles en Voyage."

Tenement and Apartment.

The distinction between an apartment house and a tenement house is somewhat hazy until the etymology of the two words is considered. "Tenement" is derived from the Latin verb "tenere" (to hold) and is the name properly given to a building that is designed to hold or to give shelter to the largest possible number of persons at the least possible cost to each individual tenant. "Apartment," however, is an anglicised derivation of another Latin verb, "parsere" (to divide), and with equal propriety is applied to a dwelling house, of which the structural and social intent is to separate family from family and to gratify the desire for privacy that every household naturally feels, at the same time reducing the expense of that gratification to a low estimate that is practicable only through co-operation in the fixed charges of domestic management. Economy, therefore, is the purpose of the tenement—comfort, that of the apartment.—Cosmopolitan.

Only Healthy Persons Sneeze.

This is a point alluded to by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. He does not recollect himself to have seen any but fairly healthy persons sneeze. He puts the question with especial reference to the widely spread popular superstition that sneezing is a sign of health and good luck. It is possible, he thinks, that this may have had its origin in the fact that it is for the most part an act restricted to those in fair health. Taylor in his "Primitive Culture" gives interesting facts as to the prevalence of this creed and as to certain customs associated with it and traces it in part to doctrines of animism, but Mr. Hutchinson thinks the suggestion he has given may also have some value.—Sheffield Medical Journal.

A Puzzled Mother.

"It takes a 14-year-old boy to see through his mother," laughed such a mother the other day. "Last week I planned to take a friend to the theater, and her only free night was Thursday. Now, I often take my boy to see a play, but I make it a rule it shall not be on a night preceding a school day. So on this occasion I explained to my son that he could not go, and as an offset to his disappointment arranged an outing for the Saturday following. He acquiesced most dutifully and beautifully, and the matter rested. Thursday came, and as the afternoon waned, I found that my son was to be all alone part of the evening, and I began to wish that he was going with us. At last I made up my mind, and calling him said:

"I think, after all, you may go tonight. You are going to be alone, and I know you always count upon these trips to the theater. So if you'll study hard till dinner you shall be of the party."

"'That's all right, mother,' replied the young scamp with a laugh. 'I knew you'd weaken at the last, so I've managed my lessons, and I'm all ready.' And now I'm alternately deploring my want of strength and wondering how to preserve a semblance of authority with so shrewd a son."—New York Times.

The Strain on the Eye.

There is no reason why a muscle or muscles of the eye should not fag out just as the muscles elsewhere do. Let one bear a weight all day long, does he not attribute his consequent headache to the heavy burden he has borne? It seems without elaborate thinking we could conceive of the results following upon prolonged use of the eye. Nature has done all she could to protect and prolong the usefulness of the eye.

No earthly architect ever yet planned a structure that would not yield, crumble and fall, and the house human, so exquisitely uplifted in curious and mysterious ways, falls and returns to dust more rapidly and surely than need be, for the reason that we do not realize how much one part is sustained or overthrown by another. One tiny muscle is potent enough to disturb the whole economy, especially if intercurrent diseases exist in addition to "eye strain."—Philadelphia Record.

The Vibration of Steamers.

The discomfort of the excessive vibration on board the fast sailing ocean steamers has increased so much with the increase in the speed of travel that investigations have been made into the subject with a view of modifying the inconvenience caused to passengers. The usual idea is that this vibration is due to the action of the powerful engines. This is apparently erroneous, for it is now found that the cause consists solely in the unison between the number of revolutions of the engines and the number of vibrations of the ship. The smaller the length of the ship the greater is the number per unit of its vibrations, and the longer the steamer the greater is the corresponding time of its vibrations.—New York Telegram.

Ambiguous.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Familias, on your husband's safe return."

"Thank you, Mr. Cardiac. It's no joke to have the man of one's family on a steamer a week overdue in December."

"I had made up my mind that if he went down I would write you a letter of condolence."

"That was kind of you. What were you going to tell me, Mr. Cardiac?"

"Well, I wanted to express my appreciation of him, and lots of sympathy and encouragement for you, and I had about made up my mind just to say, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught,' and let you take it either way."—Life.

An English Tribute to Emerson.

When the celebrated Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, had finished his visit here in the year 1878, he was asked about the American pulpit. He said in reply that he had of course availed himself of every opportunity to hear the American preachers. He had heard preachers of eminence, he said, in almost every communion. "But it mattered not what was the name of the communion, the preacher," he said, "was always Waldo Emerson."—Edward E. Hale's Address.

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TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
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CATARRH

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HOLOCAUST AT CHICAGO.

Five People Lose Their Lives at a Hotel Fire.

FIVE MORE WILL PROBABLY DIE.

The Dead All Burned to Death Except One Man Who Jumped from a Window—A Conflagration at Minneapolis Destroys Over $1,000,000 Worth of Property and Causes Two Deaths.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—In a fire which destroyed the two upper stories of the three-story Senate hotel at 184 East Madison street five people were killed and five others were so badly injured that they can scarcely recover. At the Cook County and Mercy hospitals six others are moaning with pain in the wards so badly injured as to be unable to tell their names. The list of the killed and injured is:

Dead—Harry Godfrey, 7 years of age, son of J. Godfrey, hardware merchant of Little Rock, Ark., burned; Edward Short of Chicago, burned and jumped from rear window; unknown woman, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, burned, removed from bed by firemen; unknown man, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, burned in bed; unknown man, removed to county hospital unconscious; died fifteen minutes after arrival.

List of the Injured.

Injured: Jay Godfrey, hardware merchant, taken to Mercy hospital; will recover. Mrs. Godfrey, wife of the above, slight burns of the shoulders. Grace Godfrey, aged 13 years, extensive burns, will probably die; taken to Mercy hospital. Hill Ullery, aged 17, nephew of Jay Godfrey, burned about head and arms, cut by glass in breaking window for aid; taken to the hospital; will recover. F. A. Coons, Lake City, Minn., cut by glass about head, taken to Mercy hospital; will recover. Mrs. F. A. Coons, burns and cuts about shoulders and breast; taken to Mercy hospital; will die. Flora Coons, aged 15 years, found almost suffocated, removed to Mercy hospital; recovery doubtful. R. L. Morton, Syracuse, N. Y., cut about the shoulders; removed to Mercy hospital; will recover. Unknown man, taken to county hospital; is about 25 years of age and badly burned; he can scarcely recover. Unknown man, supposed to be William Kronberg, a stage hand at the Schiller theatre, burned about head and face, delirious and will probably die; taken to county hospital. Unknown man about 24 years, terribly burned about head and face; is unconscious at county hospital and will die. Mattie Ahrens, Chicago, aged 18 years, arms burned; will recover. F. Myer, of 345½ Morgan street, spectator, head cut by falling glass. L. M. Rogers, of Chicago, body and arms burned; taken to county hospital; condition serious. O. Palmer, decorator at World's fair, head and arms cut.

Shrieks of the Victims.

The fire started in the office of the hotel, and is supposed to have been caused by the over-turning of an oil lamp. By the time the night clerk had discovered that the building was on fire the flames were climbing from the starting point on the second floor up the stairway to the third floor and smoke was pouring from the windows. He raised the cry of fire and then made his escape down the front stairway. As the guests awoke their shrieks were heard and half-dressed forms began to appear at the windows. Ladders were run up by the firemen to the second and third stories, but before they could begin the work of rescue a number of the panic-stricken guests had leaped to the pavement below. The fight with the fire did not last long, the flames being subdued in the course of thirty minutes. The loss is less than $10,000, with very little insurance. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the accidental overturning of a lamp in the office of the hotel. The day clerk, who is supposed to be responsible for the accident, immediately disappeared after the fire broke out.

COSTLY CONFLAGRATION.

Over a Million Dollar Loss Occasioned by a Fire at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 14.—Two fires, presumably the work of incendiaries, destroyed over $1,000,000 worth of property here. The fires broke out within a short time of each other. The first fire broke out in a stable in the rear of the Cedar Lake Ice company house, and soon spread to the ice house proper. From there, fanned by a quick breeze, it spread to Clark's box factory, and then destroyed the boiler works of Lintges, Connell & Co., including a $27,000 riveting machine, the only one west of Chicago. Lenhart's Union Wagon works were completely consumed. Also a quantity of lumber belonging to various firms. While this fire was at its height an alarm was turned in from the lumber district at the other end of the island. Boom island, as the place is called, was a mass of wood and lumber piles belonging to Nelson, Tenny & Co. and Backus & Co.

Flames in the Lumber Yards.

This was blazing fiercely, and, fanned by a brisk wind, the flames soon spanned the narrow stretch of water and began eating their way among the big sawmills and residences in the vicinity of the river bank. One after another the planing mills of the Wilcox company, the Chatterton mill, the Backus mill, the Hove mill, Smith & Corrigan, and Nelson, Tenny & Co. felt the blast of the fire, and were either totally destroyed or badly damaged. The flames left a path of blackness through Marshall street and were practically stopped by the big brick structure of the Minneapolis Brewing company, although their loss is put at $110,000. All along Marshall street and through that entire section are small frame houses occupied by laborers and sawmill hands. They went like tinder when the flames first struck them, but the residents had ample time to move their belongings. In all 112 houses were destroyed.

The big fire was stopped at Twentieth avenue and North, after burning over nearly a square mile of territory. It burned about 150 houses averaging from $300 to $3,000; 40,000,000 feet of lumber worth $480,000; 10,000,000 laths and 10,000,000 shingles worth $40,000; thirteen mills, mostly sawmills, and sash and door factories, and a number of ice houses and smaller concerns, bringing the total loss up to about $1,110,000 with an estimated insurance of $730,000. An unknown child was burned to death and Thomas Faloon lost his life from heart failure due to excitement. The injured are: —— Taylor, fireman; Captain Fred Krake, fireman, and Bertie Garrett. Several hundred people are homeless.

VETERANS AT THE FAIR.

Reunion and Parade of Grand Army Men on Sept. 9.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—Grand Army day at the exposition, Sept. 9, will be made one of the big fair days. The commanders of twenty-three posts met with Department Commander E. A. Blodgett at the Sherman House to make arrangements for the day. The local posts will not alone be the participants in the ceremonies, for the gathering will be national in its character and as large as any great gathering of the order. The national encampment will adjourn at Indianapolis the day preceding and the delegates and posts there assembled will come to Chicago. Besides the regular exercises on the grounds there will be reunions of regiments, brigades, divisions and corps. A parade will be the feature of the day. Whether held down town or on the grounds will be determined at the next meeting of the post commanders.

Department Commander Blodgett presided at the meeting, and H. E. Garry was secretary. An expression by posts was called for, and the sentiment was overwhelming to make a successful demonstration and to lay aside all prejudice arising from the friction with the national commission at the time of the dedication. Commander-in-Chief Weissert's order approving of the day was read, as was the concurrent order of Director General Davis. Committees were appointed to confer with the World's fair authorities. The next meeting of the commanders and all members of the posts interested in the demonstration will be held at the Sherman House, Saturday night, Aug. 19.

Presidential Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The president has sent to the senate the following nominations: Edward C. Butler of Massachusetts, to be secretary of legation to Mexico; Otto H. Boysen of North Dakota, United States consul at Gothenburg, Sweden; George W. Skinner, pension agent, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Thomas J. Lowe, secretary of Oklahoma; James C. Caldwell, receiver of public moneys at Kinfisher, O. T.. To be registers of land offices: William D. Lindsay of Guthrie, O. T.; Edward G. Spilman of West Virginia, at Kingfisher, O. T.; Edwin P. Harman, at Denver, Colo.; John J. Beavers, at Little Rock, Ark. William C. Perry, United States attorney for the district of Kansas.

Relay Bicycle Race.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 14.—The Post Poorman bicycle relay race which has been extensively advertised during the past month, was run here. The first relay started at 1 a. m. from the capitol building in Columbus with a message from Governor McKinley. The dispatch was delivered by the last rider at 9:55 a. m. Four minutes ahead of schedule time. The distance was 158 miles. The governor congratulated the promoters of the enterprise in putting to a practical test the ability of the bicycle as a courier bearer.

Saw His Son Hanged.

PIKEVILLE, Ky., Aug. 14.—Henry Hall was hanged here at 3:30 o'clock in the morning for fratricide. On the scaffold Hall asked pardon for his sins. He offered prayer and joined in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," then the black cap was drawn over his face and the trap sprung. As Hall shot through the trap he yelled "Good-by." Death was instantaneous, his neck being broken. In thirteen minutes he was pronounced dead. The body was turned over to his father, who witnessed the execution.

Farmer Robbed by a Negro.

RUSHVILLE, Ills., Aug. 14.—John Wheat, a farmer living a few miles north of this city, was called on by a negro who said he wanted to buy stock. The price of two cows was agreed on and Mr. Wheat produced his pocketbook to make change. The negro suddenly drew a pistol and demanded Wheat's money. The farmer gave it up and the negro fled with $190. Late in the afternoon he was captured in a cornfield after some resistance and lodged in jail.

Statement of the Associated Gotham Banks

NEW YORK, Aug 14.—The weekly statement of the associated banks show the following changes: Reserve, decrease $2,527,575; loans, increase $3,073,200; specie, decrease $2,205,000; legal tenders, decrease $408,000; deposits, decrease $741,700; city circulation, increase $73,700; circulation, increase $734,100. The banks are now holding $16,545,375 below the requirements of the 25 per cent. rule.

Suicide of a Methodist Preacher.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 14.—Rev. S. D. Roberts, a prominent Methodist divine, for many years presiding elder of the Beatrice district, committed suicide at Crab Orchard, a little town east of here, by shooting himself. He was mentally unbalanced, the result of losing a fortune in unfortunate speculations.

Successful Rain-Making.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Aug. 14.—Rain fell heavily in many places in Central Illinois, doing great good to the crops. At Chenoa where the rainmakers were at work sending gases up into the heavens for three days a copious rainfall fell, averaging one inch and covering 300 square miles. The rainmakers will get $150.

Wicked Bank Cashier Arrested.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 14.—Charles A. Hawks, cashier of the Seven Corners State bank, has been placed under arrest upon a warrant issued at the instance of Mr. Banholzer, president of the bank, the charge being that Hawks embezzled a large sum of money from the institution, the loss being about $64,000.

"After Hanging Smith to a Tree."

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 15.—Monroe Smith, a negro, criminally assaulted Mrs. D. F. Sears, a white woman, near Spring Hill, Ala. A posse pursued and captured him in the woods. After hanging him to a tree the mob filled his body with bullets and then cast it into a creek.

Locomotive Works Cut Wages.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14.—A notice has been posted in the Baldwin Locomotive works announcing a reduction in the price paid for what is known as contract work, to take effect next week. The reduction, which will affect 3,000 men, will amount to about 10 per cent.

Horrible Suicide of an Invalid.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Aug. 14.—George Bradley, aged 67 years, disemboweled himself at his home on Daniels avenue. Bradley had been a sufferer for years from ulceration of the bowels, having been confined to his bed for more than a year.

IS LIVLEY IN SPOTS.

The Debates in the Two Houses of Congress.

PATTISON CALLED ON TO EXPLAIN.

A Change of Opinion Since the Last Session That Bothers His Colleague and Jerry Simpson—Vest Questioned by Hoar and Palmer in the Senate—Voorhees Has a Bill to Relieve the Stringency—Capital Gleanings.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—It was going in both houses yesterday—the oratory on the silver question, principally kept going by the Democrats and the incidents of interest being supplied by the colloquies that took place between members of the majority. In the house there was another slim attendance, but the leaders on both sides were there: Bostner, Warner (Dem.) of New York, Layton (Dem.) of Ohio, Patterson (Dem.) of Tennessee, Simpson of Kansas, Snodgrass (Dem.) of Tennessee, Bailey of Texas, Pendleton of West Virginia, Lacey (Rep.) of Iowa, and Hutchinson of Texas all took part in the talk and Patterson had quite a time with his colleague Snodgrass and Simpson, the Kansas Populist.

Patterson Had Changed His Views.

Simpson began the business of badgering Patterson, who was advocating dollars, of whatever metal, of equal bullion value, and opposing consequently any ratios below that which would make the silver and gold dollar equal. Simpson interrupted and read a free coinage speech made by Patterson at the last session of congress, and asked him to reconcile that speech with this. Patterson replied that he had modified his views; he had gone before his people and told them that he had so modified them; he had been re-elected. "Consistency," said Carlyle, "is the hobgoblin of legal minds."

Simpson—Then the gentleman admits that he was in the error.

Then Snodgrass (Democrat of Tennessee), also interrupted his colleague with the question: "When Grover Cleveland was a candidate for the nomination, you knew all these things, did you not?" And Patterson admitted that he did.

Private Conversations Barred.

Then Snodgrass tried to force an admission from Patterson that the latter had been a Hill man and had talked to Snodgrass in Hill's interest, but Patterson refused to hear what he was alleged to have said, declaring, "I shall not refer on this floor to any private conversation which occurred between my colleague and myself. My colleague shall not draw me into a private conversation which occurred between gentlemen. I am not doing my duty here because I was for Grover Cleveland or anybody else; I am speaking here for a principle."

Bailey of Texas was for Bland's bill. He was in favor of paying the public debt in "dad's" dollars. Still he would not vote to coin dollars of unequal value, holding that free coinage would result in parity of value regardless of ratio.

A Republican Rings in the Tariff.

Pendleton of West Virginia, favored the Wilson bill and Lacey of Iowa, would not repeal the Sherman act until there were $700,000,000 silver dollars in circulation, but his remarks were mostly devoted to the claim that the financial trouble was caused by the threat of "tariff tinkering" resulting from the last national election.

Warner of New York defended the chamber of commerce at New York city and said its members were not bankers, but business men whose relation to the banks was the same as it was to the business men of the west and south. He was for the Wilson bill.

VEST TACKLES THE TOPIC.

He Has Colloquies with Hoar and Palmer of Illinois.

The feature in the senate was Vest's speech and his colloquies with with Hoar and Palmer. Vest read the platforms of the Democrats and Republicans to show that both parties were agreed in favor of bimetallism. He then jumped on the Sherman law. He had advocated Cleveland's election because Cleveland accepted a nomination on a bimetallic platform. He did not say Cleveland was a mono-metallist, but his message was most significant in what it failed to say. He antagonized the claim that silver fluctuated more than gold and read a paper by Monteith Douglass, of London, which essayed to prove that silver fluctuated less than gold,

Questioned by Senator Hoar.

Hoar took up a remark of Vest about it being the policy of Great Britain to have a single gold standard as being to the advantage of the wealthy and commercial classes, and asked whether such a policy was not to the disadvantage of the poorer classes, and whether therefore it was to the interest of England to keep the single standard. Vest replied that that question was far wide of the real issue.

Hoar—I understood the senator to argue that a single gold standard increased the burden of the debtor classes.

Vest—I do say that emphatically.

Hoar—He says that, if he were an Englishman, he would be in favor of the gold standard. That is an important declaration coming from a senator who has such relations to the financial policy of the country, because it is equivalent to a declaration that, under the circumstances we will never be able to induce England to agree with other nations for the establishment of bimetallism.

Legislation Is All Powerful.

After replying to Hoar Vest said that overproduction had not cheapened silver, it was legislation, and it was only necessary for the United States to fix a policy of free silver and the metal would rise. Then Palmer of Illinois became interrogator. He asked: "Would the repeal of the Sherman act bring the country to a gold standard.",

Vest—I think it would. If the Sherman act be repealed not another silver dollar will be coined in this country.

Palmer—How does the Sherman law aid free coinage?

Vest—I do not think that it does aid free coinage.

Palmer—Then why not repeal it?

Vest—I am willing to have it repealed, but I do not want its repeal made a stalking horse for monometallism.

Pleads for the Western States.

He made a plea for silver because it was a product of the west and to strike it down was to strike down the western people. Said he: "They have built up a silver mining industry on the faith pledged to them by the people of the United States in the constitution and laws that the product of those mines shall be considered as a money metal. And we are now asked through the financial 'Four Hundred' of New York and the commercial classes of England to betray these people and say to them, 'Find something else to do. We want gold, gold, gold.' No, Mr. President, I will not do it. If the time comes when I find that I have made a mistake I can at least have the consolation of knowing that my heart and my head both approve the action which I propose to take in regard to this measure."

CHARGES IT TO TARIFF REFORM.

Mitchell of Oregon Offers an Amendment to Vest's Resolution.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, introduced in the senate a resolution in the nature of an amendment to the resolution offered by Vest last week to maintain the parity of gold and silver. The resolution declares it to be the sense of the senate and house that no change be made in the tariff laws during the Fifty-third congress. A preamble to the resolution recites that the American policy of protection has rapidly advanced the United States from the poorest and weakest to the richest and most powerful among civilized nations, and that the mere probability of a change of our customs revenue laws in accordance with the declaration of the late Democratic platform has plunged the country into its present unfortunate industrial and financial condition, resulting in closing factories, stopping the wheels of industrial enterprises, ruining credit, creating financial distrust and panic, and throwing hundreds of thousands of laborers out of employment.

Congressional Summary.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—The senate adopted the house resolution for commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol. A number of financial bills were introduced, among them one by Voorhees allowing banks to take out notes equal to the par value of their bonds. The bill is approved by Carlisle, who says it will add $19,000,000 to the currency.

In the house the committees on enrolled bills, accounts, and mileage were announced, and then the silver debate was resumed, the speeches being made principally by Democrats and on both sides of the question.

Four Notable Bills.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Four notable bills were introduced in the senate, as follows: Hill of New York, a very brief bill repealing the federal election laws; Butler, a bill repealing the state bank tax; Peffer, a bill providing further issue of $300,000,000 of flat money, exchangeable for government bonds at par; Chandler, his bill of last congress, establishing additional regulations concerning immigration to the United States.

It Was a Lie on Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Springer has seen Secretary Carlisle in reference to a dispatch from Deer Park which imputed to Carlisle the statement that Speaker Crisp had promised to appoint Wilson of West Virginia chairman of the committee on ways and means. Carlisle authorized Springer to say that he had never made any such statement at Deer Park or anywhere else to any one.

Will be Paid at Home.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Owing to the high rate of exchange it has been ordered that pensions due veterans resident in national soldiers' homes shall be paid by the pension agent in whose district the home is situated instead of by the agency at this city.

Republican Caucus Postponed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Owing to the late hour at which the senate adjourned the Republican caucus was postponed, subject to the call of the chairman, Sherman. It will probably assemble this afternoon.

Senator Palmer's View.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Senator Palmer, of Illinois, says that the best plan is to repeal the Sherman law without conditions, and that gold will always be the standard. He favors silver as a subsidiary coinage.

BOLD ROBBERY OF A BANK

At Midday in St. Paul and by an Adroit Manoeuvre.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 15.—St. Paul bankers are dazed over a robbery at the First National bank, a single man being able to seize a $5,000 bag of gold at midday in the presence of twenty people and disappear in a crowd. The police have been searching for him ever since, but there is small prospects that he will be caught. Renaldo Lares, a trusted representative of the Merchants' National bank, accompanied by I. H. Jacobs, porter of the Merchants, had just come into the First National bank to make a settlement with the clearing house. The funds consisted of three bags containing $5,000 each in gold in a small steel box, with odd money, and in all about $21,000.

Well Done, Whoever Did It.

BUCKLIN, Mo., Aug. 15.—Dr. D. V. Howard, who had been seperated from his wife for some time, attempted to force an enterance into his wife's residence at night, He shot two charges from his shotgun through the door and was attempting to break the door down when some one fired a bullet through the door, taking effect in the doctor's eye and producing instant death. It is not known who fired the fatal bullet.

Economites in Want of Cash.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 15.—The affairs of the Economites have reached a crisis, and it seems probable that only a short time will elapse before the famous old society will have passed entirely away. The employes have been given a month's notice and must work that month, if they stay, for their board. The society cannot realize on any of its real estate.

"After Hanging Smith to a Tree."

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 15.—Monroe Smith, a negro, criminally assaulted Mrs. D. F. Sears, a white woman, near Spring Hill, Ala. A posse pursued and captured him in the woods. After hanging him to a tree the mob filled his body with bullets and then cast it into a creek.

Maggie Markley, 19 years old, killed herself at Danville, Ills., by taking a dose of poison.

Governor Flower and staff and the state officers will start for Chicago on or about Sept. 2, so as to be in attendance at the New York state day at the World's fair, which will be the 4th.

The oldest surviving chaplain of the Confederate army is said to be the Rev. Thompson L. Smith, now a resident of Denver, where he is rector of Emanuel church. He is 70 years old.

TWO WEEKS OF DEBATE.

SILVER AND ANTI-SILVER MEN REACH AGREEMENT.

General Debate on a Bill to Repeal the Purchasing Clause of the Sherman Act Will Continue Eleven Days and Then Three Days Will Be Devoted to Five Minute Speeches—Introduction in the House of the Repeal Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The conference of silver and anti-silver men has reached an agreement by which general debate on a bill for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman law is to be limited to eleven days. This will be followed by debate for three days under the five-minute rule, when voting will begin on the bill and various silver amendments. When the house met Wilson, Democrat, of Virginia introduced the repeal bill immediately after the reading of the journal.

The silver men's part of the programme is to offer first a substitute looking to free coinage at the present ratio. If this is defeated then votes will be taken on amendments fixing the ratio at 17, 18, 19 and 20 in order and finally, if these fail, upon the Bland-Allison act.

NOT SUFFICIENTLY RESTED.

The President Tells Why He Returns to Gray Gables.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The president made the following statement for publication before leaving for Gray Gables: "My absence from the capital at this time may excite some surprise in view of my intense interest in the subject now awaiting the determination of congress. Though my views and recommendations have already been officially submitted to that body, and though I am by no means certain that I can further aid in bringing about the result which seems so necessary, it would be a great satisfaction to me if I could remain at the scene of action; but whether I am here or elsewhere I shall look with hope and confidence to the action of those upon whom the responsibility rests of relieving our people from their present and dangerous difficulties.

"I am going back to my summer home at the seashore because I am not sufficiently rested from the strain to which I have been subjected since March 4 to fit me to again assume the duties and labors which await me here. I have been counseled by those whose advice I cannot disregard that the future rest which I contemplate is necessay to my health and strength. I shall remain during the month of August and shall devote myself to rest and outdoor recreation. My day's doings will be devoid of interest to the public, and I shall be greatly pleased if I can be free from the attentions of newspaper correspondents."

TROUBLED BY HORSETHIEVES.

A Well Organized Gang in the Neighborhood of Mascoutah, Ills.

MASCOUTAH, Aug. 14.—Many valuable horses have been stolen during the last few weeks and it is the general belief that a well organized gang of horse thieves is at work in this section of the state. County officers have asked farmers to take careful notice of all strangers passing through the country with horses and to report all thefts promptly. The evidence of a horsethief organization at this time recalls the history of the last organization that successfully worked southern Illinois.

It was many years ago and the old organization worked in almost every county in central and southern Illinois. The horsethief chief was finally located here. He was known to his neighbors as a quiet, peaceable citizen, and great was the surprise in the community when the arrest was made. The enraged farmers took the man by force to the woods. There he was stripped of his clothes and given a terrible thrashing. He was then taken to the county jail and afterward given a long term in the state penitentiary. The arrest and conviction of the horsethief chief broke up the old organization and for many years the farmers of this section were not troubled with horse thieves.

Forty Men Wanted, 3,000 Applied.

DENVER, Aug. 14.—The great disparity between the men out of employment to the amount of work to be had was strikingly illustrated when 2,000 unemployed men gathered at the place where work on the new sewer was to begin. There was work for only forty men. A crowd of about 500 Italian laborers gathered near the spot, but were not allowed to approach by the crowd, which exhibited considerable feeling, but was quiet and orderly. Only three Italians were given work and they were known to be old residents of the city. The projected public improvements cannot possibly supply work for all the unemployed.

Cruelty at an Industrial School.

TOPEKA, Kas., Aug. 14.—Mrs. Kungle, of Richland, Shawnee county, has arrived here from Beloit, Kas., where she has been on a visit to Myrtle Jones, an inmate of the industrial school for girls. She tells harrowing stories of cruelty practiced upon children there. For trifling offenses she says girls are punished by whipping with a rubber whip on the bare body, locked up in a dark cell for a month and having their hands tied behind their backs for a week, compelling them to eat like a brute beast. Mrs. M. E. Lease, the agitator, is president of the board.

Robbed of Her Diamonds.

DELAVAN, Wis., Aug 14.—Mrs. Philor King of Villa Clare was robbed of diamonds worth $1,400. At 11 o'clock at night Mr. and Mrs. King had returned to their home from an entertainment at Highland. In response to a rap one of them went to the door. Three masked men with revolvers rushed in, commanding all to throw up their hands. They compelled Mrs. King to hand over the brooch, eardrops and rings she had on. Mr. King escaped from the house and ran for help, but before he could return the robbers had escaped with their booty.

Drowned Her Babe and Herself.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 14.—Mrs. Schipammer, aged 25 years, ended the life of her 3-months'-old babe by throwing it into the Passaic river and then committing suicide by drowning. Mrs. Schipammer resided with her husband and two children at 32 Bergen street. The oldest child is 2 years old. Ever since the birth of the last child Mrs. Schipammer has been sickly and frequently gave way to fits of despondency.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

The celebrated breach of promise suit brought by Mrs. Kate Henderson against Alf Guthrie, proprietor of Indian Springs, was compromised at Bedford, Ind.

Anna Gray Orr, aged 16, ran away from her home at Bridgeport, Conn., July 29, and though bloodhounds have been on her trail she has not been found.

The National Vapor Stove company, Cleveland, O., made an assignment, with assets estimated at $125,000 and liabilities $90,000.

An unsuccessful effort to run a wheat deal caused the failure of the grain firm of Peake & Dunning of Kansas City. No statement of the assets or liabilities is given.

The Greene County bank, Springfield, Mo., assigned. Liabilities, $137,241; assets, $252,251.

The Ohio Republicans will open their campaign at Akron Sept. 12. Governor McKinley will make the principal speech.

Frank Swanson, J. Crawford and John Miller, three prisoners in the Webster county, Ia., broke jail through steel bars and escaped.

Miss Cora Wilson died at Union, Ia., from the effects of drinking concentrated lye with suicidal intent.

* * *

Professor Nicholas Crouch, famed the world over as the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," was 86 years old on July 31.

Bishop Joseph Rademacher has been transferred by the pope from Nashville, Tenn., to Fort Wayne, Ind., which is considered a more important position.

The Siamese commodore, Armand Duplessis de Richelieu, has the same name as France's great cardinal, who was himself an admiral.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road has decided to transfer division headquarters from Van Horne, Ia., to Madison, Ia., the change to take effect Aug. 27.

Witnesses at Providence, R. I., in the Mrs. Barnaby murder case, have agreed to attend the second trial of Dr. Graves to be held at Denver in October.

Fred A. Hoffman killed himself at Pittsburg, Pa., by jumping from the roof of a house. He was a victim of religious melancholia and had been out of an insane asylum but twenty four hours.

Five families were made homeless by the burning of a row of frame houses on West Forty-second street, Chicago.

* * *

Henry Dunberger, night clerk at the Central house, Chilton, Wis., was accidentally shot by a companion. He can not recover.

John H. Copeland poisoned himself with laudanum at St. Louis because of ill-health and died.

James Higgins, a prominent farmer, living near Shideler, Ind., hanged himself in his barn. Financial troubles caused his crime.

The Sedalia Evening Bazoo, published by J. West Goodwin, the oldest paper in central Missouri, has gone to the wall.

Willie Finn, 9 years old, died at St. Louis of the injuries inflicted by his insane father. The other children are improving and will recover.

Ed Barker of Taney county, Mo., found near his home a lot of buried treasure, gold and silver, amounting to $1,500. The dates on the coin ranged from 1856 to 1863. It is supposed that the money was buried during the war.

Governor Matthews of Indiana pardoned S. B. Dale of Boone county, sentenced to prison for life in 1884 for the murder of Daniel Parigon.

* * *

James Eckels has been appointed receiver of the Vienna Enamel Stamping company of Porter, Ind. Liabilities, $80,000; assets, $60,000.

The president's proclamation opening the Cherokee strip is expected within a week or ten days. The opening day will then be set between Sept. 1 and 15.

The Illinois Central statement for the year ended June 30 shows gross earnings, $20,095,191; expenses, $14,283,934; net, $5,811,257, an increase of $489,517.

John E. Figert, manufacturer of carriages and wagons at New Harrisburg, Ind., assigned because he could not extend loans.

Postal cards for the next four years will be furnished by Woolworth & Graham of New York. They will be made and printed at Castleton, near Albany.

The Los Angeles chamber of commerce will visit the fair in a body, starting about Sept. 2.

The office of the Union Pacific railroad at Boston will be permanently closed Aug. 15. Reduction of expense is said to be the object.

* * *

M. J. Sontag, stepfather of John Sontag, the California outlaw, writes from Mankota, Minn., that he intends to prosecute the slayers of his son.

Burglars robbed the Steel, Hardware, and Implement company's store at Parsons, Kan., of revolvers, razors, and knives worth several hundred dollars.

The "Ohio Veteran Association of Illinois" will hold its fourth annual reunion at Indianapolis, Ind., during the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver ills, jaundice, sick headache, [illegible], sour stomach, nausea.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 19, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—"The Plunger."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

HOME RULE NEARING ITS CRISIS.

It will be seen by the address issued by the executive committee of the United Irish Societies at the Ogden Grove demonstration of Tuesday, and adopted by the two great meetings held, one in the afternoon, and the other in the evening, that the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and Cook county are in line with their patriotic countrymen in Ireland regarding the pending Home Rule bill. Although the Independents, or Parnellites, headed by Mr. Redmond, have placed themselves on record as opposed to the financial and other clauses of the bill, yet it has been given out, doubtless with authority, that they will vote for the measure on its final passage, under protest, of course. The McCarthyites have, apparently, acquiesced in the amendments, but with a bad grace, and more from the fear of returning the Tories to power if they defeated the government on the question, than from any other motive. The Whigs are bad, very bad, indeed, but the Tories are a thousand times worse. The former are more or less controlled by Irish sentiment, but the Tories are utterly regardless of it, and, consequently, nothing is to be expected from them but wholesale evictions and chronic coercion. The Scotch and Welsh members, as a large majority have, up to date, remained faithful to the Irish cause, as presented in the house of commons, and so also have most of the English Radical members. All these gentlemen know, of course, that the Irish will reciprocate when measures affecting the interests of the several elements who have aided them come before parliament for action.

Already the Tory party seems disinclined to commit the house of lords to an utter rejection of the Home Rule bill. Feelers respecting a compromise on a local government substitute have been thrown out, but the Irish, of all parties, except the Orangemen, would reject such a proposition with scorn. The lords may "amend" the bill to death, instead of giving it an honest rejection, but it is too much to suppose that "the old parliamentary hand," who has seen a hundred struggles for supremacy between the classes and the masses will allow the former to have everything their own way. He will not accept their amendments, and should they reject in toto, he will certainly refuse to dissolve and send the document back to them in its present shape.

Mr. Gladstone is determined to amend the existing electoral law before parliament adjourns. He has declared there will be no adjournment until the Home Rule bill and the usual estimates of supply are passed. His party is solidly with him in this position. He will, undoubtedly, present his "one man one vote" bill at this session, immediately after home rule goes up to the lords, and the former measure is even more objectionable to the hereditary legislators than the other. It will pass in the commons by a full strength vote, but the lords will throw it out without much ceremony. Then there will be a howl throughout England. If the lords give way before the storm Gladstone may go to the country at any time with full assurance that his home rule policy will be indorsed, and the lords must give way upon that also. If they should decide to brave public anger, which is scarcely credible, Gladstone would sweep the country by an amazing majority, while, if he dared the issue on the home rule question alone, it is more than probable he would be disastrously beaten, owing to a growing conflict of interests anong his somewhat hetrogeneous following. In any event, the Home Rule bill is safe in the commons, and its passage by the hereditary chamber can be only a matter of a year or two's delay at most.

SMALLEY HAS 'EM AGAIN.

Joe Chamberlain's literary valet, George Watermelon Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, is again at the front as a prognosticator of calamity. He has sniffed fearful things in the breeze. The gathering of the Redmondites in Dublin last week has particularly disturbed him. In a telegraphic correspondence to his paper, dated the 12th inst., Smalley says:

"They held a convention of delegates from the branches of the National League throughout Ireland, with John Redmond himself in the chair, and they made speeches and passed resolutions which shattered some of the main pretexts on which Mr. Gladstone recommends his present Home Rule bill to the people of England.

"The bill, says Mr. Gladstone, although some of its most vital provisions have now become confessedly experimental and temporary, is a final settlement as between England and Ireland. It is not final, say Mr. Redmond and the Dublin convention. No measure will be accepted as final which does not embody Mr. Parnell's minimum. What was Mr. Parnell's minimum? An Irish parliament with full powers over Irish affairs, including the land question, and subject only to the veto of the crown on the advice of an Irish executive, itself dependent on the Irish parliament, with full control, also of the judges, magistrates and constabulary. Every one of these conditions is absent from Mr. Gladstone's bill.

"The convention declares, moreover, against the questions and restrictions by which the new Dublin legislature is hampered, 'and against the reservation to the imperial parliament of power over Irish taxes' and 'over so many other interests of paramount importance in the development of the Irish nation.'

"That is revolt against all the 'safeguards' by which, illusory as they are, Mr. Gladstone seeks to reconcile the English people to the creation of an independent legislature for Ireland.

"They protest with equal vigor against the reduction of the number of Irish representatives at Westminster. They stigmatize the whole Gladstonian scheme as containing little beyond the mere association of the principle of home rule to commend it to the Irish Nationalists. Finally they solemnly proclaim that no settlement of the national question can be satisfactory so long as a single Irish political prisoner languishes in an English jail. 'Political prisoner' is the accepted Irish euphemism for the convicted dynamiters and assassins whom the home secretary has with more than equal solemnity pledged himself and Mr. Gladstone's government never to let loose.

"On all these points, therefore, and for all these various and vital reasons, Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellites are at variance. Their views and their respective positions are contradictory, hostile, totally irreconcilable. If the anti-Parnellites were equally outspoken it would be found that on many if not on all of these points they agreed with the Parnellites.

"The two Irish wings agree on one point. They will take what they can get, one wing avowing that they take it as an installment only, and the other wing maintaining a discreet silence. Thus it is hoped may the English public be hoodwinked; and thus is a measure to be offered to Ireland which one speaker at the Dublin convention still more openly denounced as 'an insult and fraud on the Irish people.'"

Now, what a nice set of idiots the Irish people would be if they proceeded to declare themselves satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's half made-up measure. Would Mr. Smalley, adopted Englishman as he is, narrowed by English prejudices and harnessed, like an animal, to Chamberlain's political chariot, accept such a bill for his beloved England, if Ireland were the stronger power? Would he accept it for the smallest state of the great country he has abandoned, if, unfortunately for them, England had again control of American destinies? He knows he would not. And why should he ask, or expect, of the Irish to be less human than the British or the Americans? Is there one code of political and economic laws for Anglo-Saxons and another for Celts? Mr. Gladstone's bill is exasperatingly defective, may be likened to O'Connell's famous description of a fellow-countryman's hat stuffed into a broken window pane—"not to let in the light, but to keep out the cold." Yet, the Irish would be insane to throw it overboard altogether, and give the Tories and their faithful servitors, the Irish landlords of all creeds, a chance to utterly depopulate the country. Although Gladstone, because of his position, is compelled to wink, as it were, at occasional landlord rascality, he has no personal sympathy with evictors. Neither has Mr. Morley. A Tory government, on the other hand, would gladly utilize the landlord greed and cruelty in getting rid of the Irish people. If they were once banished, the Irish question would reach the solution which has been the ever recurring dream of Tory statesmanship. The Whigs used to be just as bad, a few years ago, but they have come gradually more within the control of the democracy of Great Britain and Ireland, and, therefore, whatever their private inclinations, they are compelled to act with a certain amount of public decency, which might be distorted into a display of humanity.

Ireland is driving the best bargain she can, under very difficult circumstances. Her ruler is at peace with the whole world, and is likely to remain so under the existing government. Therefore, there is no outward pressure upon her, except what comes, in a peaceable way, from this country. Every other pressure is internal. The Home Rule bill is not of much account. It is a little better than nothing. The Irish believe this, and they say it, and they are right. England will respect them all the more for being manly.

CAN'T ADVERTISE ANIMALS.

The editor of THE CITIZEN has been favored with some personal letters from a few barbarians in this city, who do not like the castigation given chronic factionists in these columns. Poor devils! they are no more to be blamed than the savage Indians, from whom, indeed, they differ only in the matter of color. If anything, the red men are superior to them in natural intelligence and manly bearing. We bear no malice against the miserable creatures. We do not even despise them, because they are only a part of the brute creation, endowed with just enough human intelligence to make their gross ignorance visible. If they have souls, they must be of the second hand, or misfit variety. They want us to advertise them by name, but our space is too valuable, and there has been a break in the hog market. Let them sleep in the shade—of the dung hill.

GLADSTONE ON IRISH REPRESENTATION IN LONDON.

Mr. Gladstone, who has been severely criticised by friends and foes for his change of front on the question of Irish representation in the imperial parliament, has written a lengthy letter in reply to one from Mr. John Cowan, of Beeslack, Midlothian, under date of July 31. In the course of his communication, Mr. Gladstone says:

"The country was in favor of retention. It only remained for the government to choose and recommend that method of retention which, on the whole, appeared less entangled in difficulties of principle. At the same time it was evidently their duty to allow to the judgment of parliament, as representing the people, an influence in determining the form and manner of retention, as well as in the measure of retention itself.

"We chose and recommended to the house the method which limited the powers of Irish members and intended to exclude them (so far as this could be done) from all voting on subjects properly British, but it gradually became known to us by signs which could not be mistaken, that the unavoidable incompleteness of this plan and the particular objections which attach to it had so impressed the mind of the house that we were absolutely without the means of carrying it. The Tory party, silent as a rule during the last seven years upon the subject, offered as the alternative of a total exclusion, but in the existing state of Liberal opinion to accept this method of proceeding would have been a violation of our pledges to the country. It will, therefore, be seen that the only choice open to us lay between the plan of admitting the Irish members, reduced in numbers to a due proportion, without any limitation placed on their powers of voting, and their total exclusion from the house which was for us inadmissable. The prophecies of the Opposition are that the eighty members of the house returned from Ireland will be masters of the house and umpires on British affairs, which they will handle for Irish purposes, and you are aware of the great manœuvre of the Tory party in 1885, which, by inducements held out to the Irish members, procured the dislodgment of the Liberal government of that period and their own accession to office.

"It is well to look back on that proceeding of the Tory party which is, so far as I know, unexampled in our parliamentary history, for what it shows is that the very worst of the consequences now apprehended by some from Irish interposition in a political crisis actually happened under our existing arrangements for the government and representation of Ireland, and it might happen again were the Tories again to be as unscrupulous as they were in 1885, and had not Ireland been sufficiently warned by subsequent and recent experience. But let us take the extremest case. It must still, in order to a sound judgment, be borne in mind that the Irish members will be fewer than they are now. Again, when Home Rule has been granted they will of necessity be much more busied with their own affairs. The natural restraints of good feeling and good will cannot but check meddlesome and undue intervention. They will in all likelihood be returned in a greater variety of selections, in divisions less unequal and more capable of balancing one another; above all, they will not have the same motive for direct intervention as they had in 1885, when their National question, which happily we are now seeking to dispose of, was to them all in all, and in their view fully justified the step they took. Our apprehension, then, from the undue intervention of Ireland in British affairs may be kept within just, and perhaps, narrow limits. A repetition of what we have suffered under the present system in some ministerial crisis, and that almost certainly with mitigated features, is the worst that could possibly happen. That it come babitual by repetition, that parliamentary parties would endure it, or that the country would submit to be represented by five or six hundred men who would consent to become the slaves of a small fraction of their own assembly is, in my opinion, groundless, and even absurd as a supposition, and nothing less than outrageous as a prophecy.

"I desire to point out we have done our best to prevent undue intervention or inconvenience. We did it in the first place by our original choice of a proposal, and next we pursued the same end by an equitable retrenchment of the number of the Irish members. Lastly, we have inserted words in the bill to show that retention and the mode and manner of retention are no part of any compact with Ireland, express or implied, but are matters which can at any time be dealt with as experience may recommend by the free and unrestrained discretion of the imperial parliament. In neither of these purposes, however, have we received aid from either division of the parliamentary opposition. To sum up in a few words—in 1886 we proposed to proceed without retention. We were overruled from a practical point of view. Home Rule and retention were before us. We could have both or neither. We could not take one and leave the other. We deemed it our duty to prosecute the great imperial cause of Home Rule, as some would say, at 'the cost of retention,' or as others would hold, with the guarantee which retention afforded; and now eventually, as retention has been fastened upon Home Rule, so the unlimited vote of the reduced number of Irish members has been fastened upon retention. This is the plain history of this case, and I think the country will be of opinion that under the actual circumstances of the case we have judged aright."

It will be observed that Mr. Gladstone says pointedly that no compact exists between Ireland and him in regard to the members to be retained, and that whole scheme is subject to revision, at any time, in the pleasure of the British parliament. He fails to say, however, that Ireland has a similar privilege.

THE "SUN" ON EX-MINISTER EGAN.

Referring to ex-Minister Patrick Egan's return from the Chilian mission, the New York *Sun* says editorially, under the caption of "A Patriotic Citizen":

"The Hon. Patrick Egan, late minister to Chili, has returned to the United States, and this is a good time to say that his conduct in the very delicate and difficult complications between the two republics was that of a firm, patriotic and worthy representative of the honor of his country. Aside from some injudicious partisan opposition to his course, the attacks upon him in this country came principally from those Men Without a Country, the Mugwumps. It seems to grieve these gentlemen every time the United States refuses to be kicked without resistance. Besides, Mr. Egan was a friend of Mr. Blaine, and not a friend of England. So he was copiously abused and lied about. That did not prevent his serving his country well, and he deserves well of it."

THE Irish Nationalists of St. Louis, Mo., celebrated their usual 15th of August picnic on the 11th this year, so as to allow many of them to attend the Ogden Grove picnic in this city. THE CITIZEN is pleased to know that the St. Louis celebration was a great success.

MR. PATRICK EGAN, ex-United States minister to Chili, accompanied by his wife and six of his children, arrived in New York, from Valparaiso, last week, and will soon return to his old home at Lincoln, Neb. His eldest son will remain in Chili for several months. THE CITIZEN gives Mr. Egan hearty greeting.

AT the Madison street fire, which occurred on Monday morning, seven lives were lost, and great personal courage was displayed by several persons. James Murphy, a teamster, says an evening paper, shared with the firemen the cheers elicited by the bravery displayed at the fire. On the coping of the third story stood fifteen-year-old Hattie Ahren, the flames shooting out of the windows on each side of the place where she clung. The crowd watched her breathlessly. The firemen were all within the building. Suddenly a ladder was upreared against the burning building. Agile as a squirrel, James Murphy ran up its rounds. With a strong arm he seized the child and a moment later had placed her safely in her mother's arms on the street, while that crowd cheered till its throat was weary. The man, modest as he was brave, made light of the bit of heroism he had performed.

LITERARY.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's New Book of Gaelic Poetry and Folklore.

"Love Songs of Connacht" (being the fourth chapter of the "Songs of Connacht") now for the first time collected, edited and translated by Douglas Hyde, L. L. D., M. R. I. A. (An Craoibhin Aoibhinn.)

In a certain sense this is Dr. Hyde's most valuable contribution to Gaelic literature, and that is saying a great deal. The present volume of nearly two hundred pages is only one chapter of the great work which the author has ready for the press, and when the whole book is given to the public, as we hope it soon will, the Irish people will have the most complete collection of folk-songs that was ever issued in that or, perhaps, in any other, country. Dr. Hyde deserves well of his countrymen—deserves a greater reward than he is, unfortunately, getting from them, and it is his wholesouled Irishism, his unselfish patriotism and his undying love of Gaelic, that keeps him at work—for of profit there is as yet none for him. His bookmaking is not of the ordinary sort, and entails great labor on him. He cannot sit in his library and leisurely compile from other authorities on the same subject, for he has no authors to refer to. His authorities are not in the library nor in the mansion, but in the cabins of the peasantry throughout the wilds of Connemara. Here he has to seek his material, and here he has to use his greatest tact in getting a few verses from some old man or womam, for unfortunately the younger generation are more conversant with the latest "London Comic" than with the sweeter native productions of a Carolan, a McCabe, a Rafferty or a Barrett. This is a deplorable state of things as it exists, but with the example set by such men as Dr. Hyde and the other learned men of Ireland, who interest themselves in Gaelic, a change for the better must soon set in, and a more healthy feeling take possession of those who are now ashamed of their mother tongue.

There is no one who reads the present book that will not be struck with the conscientiousness as well as with the painstaking genius of Dr. Hyde. He, unlike, a great many less capable compilers, takes no unnessary liberties with the originals. He always makes a good selection and prints them just as he got them; or if he does change a word, he always gives the original reading in a foot note. There is an English translation of every word of Gaelic in the book, and a double translation—a metrical and a literal one—of each of the songs. In his metrical translations, Dr. Hyde is not evidently a disciple of Clarence Mangan's, as he sticks to the exact metre of the original in all cases, a somewhat difficult task in many instances.

The author prefaces every song with a short account of how it came to be composed, and very often he gives a biography of the writer of the song itself—that of Strong Tom Costello occupying seven pages. This in itself is valuable, as affording a good reading exercise for the student. While Dr. Hyde's Irish is simple it is at the same time classical, and there is a naturalness about it which is refreshing. His observations on the character and disposition of the Irishman on the first page of the book show him not alone to be conversant with all the "moods and tenses" of his fellow-countryman, but to be in thorough touch with him in all his troubles.

To show the value placed on Dr. Hyde's work by others besides ourselves, we quote from a letter received from a gentleman, who is distinguished for his writings both in English and in Irish. He says, in speaking of the book under notice: "We must leave nothing undone to attract the attention of our people to this noble work—the greatest ever undertaken (under such circumstances) by any single Irish scholar. I consider Dr. Hyde's labors of far more importance than even the 'Translation of the Four Masters,' for the latter work might have been undertaken by some one besides O'Donovan—as the original MSS. were secure to all time—but these traditionary songs were, most of them, in danger of being lost forever were it not for Dr. Hyde's genius, enthusiasm, and idomitable perseverance in his loving research.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than give a translation of the opening notice in the book, from which our readers will see the scope of the work, and the necessity of supporting such undertakings. The price of the present volume is only half a crown, which places it within the reach of everyone who takes an interest in such things. It is a pity we have not many such men as Father Murphy, of Springfield, Ohio, to help along the cause.

NOTICE.

Friends: There is in this booklet but one chapter of the great work which I am putting together on the "Songs of Connacht." I am to have a chapter in it on Carolan's songs which were never in print; a chapter on McCabe and on O'Carolan's cotemporaries, a chapter on drinking songs; a chapter on *caoines* and songs of sorrow; a chapter on the poems of McSweeney and Barrett; a chapter on the songs of O'Rafferty; a chapter on miscellaneous songs, and perhaps more. Together with that I intend giving a complete account of the bardic poetry of Ireland, with samples of more than fifty of the different measures or modes of poetizing which they had in Gaelic.

But as the printing of Gaelic books is very costly, and as much money is lost by each publication, I would ask every person who reads this book, and who is satisfied with the way in which it is written—and indeed I have done my best with it—to send me a line in care of Gill & Son, O'Connell, street, Dublin, to say if they will take the other parts as they are issued, or if they will give me any assistance toward the distribution of these books gratis among the schools in which Gaelic is now being taught in Ireland, as that gentleman, Rev. Mr. Cleaver, distributed my "Story Book" and his own "Duapaire," and as I myself distributed my "Beside the Fire"—something which did, as I hear, a great deal toward keeping the tongue alive in those parts. My friend and fellow-Connachtman, Rev. Father Martin L. Murphy, of Springfield, Ohio, has given me £20 as a help in this good cause, and I desire to here express to him my sincere thanks. May victory and blessings be on the Gaels, and may God save Ireland. AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

How many of our readers will subscribe and thus insure the success of the greatest Gaelic publication of modern years?

An Interesting Indian Book.

"The Surrender of Sitting Bull" is the title of a very readable booklet issued by Scout Allison, who was the government messenger in the rather dangerous business of inducing the Sioux and Cheyenne hostiles to surrender. Mr. Allison writes simply, but graphically, and his pictures of Indian life, as it appeared in the stirring days with which he deals, are strong and full of action. Most of his work was done in the midst of a severe winter season, and, of course, his adventures were both numerous and interesting. The booklet is printed by the Walker Litho and Printing Co., Dayton, O., and is inscribed to General William P. Carlin, U.S.A., under whose command the intrepid scout has served in many campaigns.

BEAUTIFUL COLORADO.

Pleasant Experiences at the Springs of Manitou in the American Switzerland.

[*To the Editor.*]

COLORADO SPRINGS Aug. 8.—On a warm day of last month I left Chicago over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, en route for "the wild and woolly west." Although the journey was hot and dusty the attention of the porter and conductor did much to make the trip an enjoyable one. It is certainly a pleasure to travel on the Burlington Route, as the accommodations are admirable in every particular, and the employes make it a point to be most agreeable and obliging. The meals were of the best that could be served, and I realized that traveling was a luxury on such a road. I reached Denver the following day at 7:55 p. m., slightly tired and very, very dusty.

I spent two weeks in Denver and managed to get a very good idea of its chief points of interest. It is like most large cities, except that particular attention is paid to keeping the lawns surrounding the houses in perfect condition, and it seems strange in a country where so little rain falls to see no burnt grass. I will say no more about the city as all large cities resemble each other, and I wish to speak of the most delightful spots on the earth, Colorado Springs and Manitou. I made the trip from Denver to Colorado Springs, a distance of seventy-five miles, in two hours and a half over a most beautiful country. I saw Palmer Lake bathed in moonlight, and as the night was most glorious, stood on the platform most of the way so as to enjoy the heavenly climate and gaze at the mountains, which I am never tired of looking at. Colorado Springs is most beautiful and modern. It is lighted throughout by electricity, and the summer girl is wise to bring her alcohol lamp with her or her bangs may suffer. It is very central in its location, being twenty-five minutes' ride on the electric car to Manitou or Cheyenne Mountain. The car ride to Manitou is most enjoyable, and if one can escape the coach, wagon and burro drivers after alighting all will be serene for sight seeing.

Manitou is hemmed in by the mountains, and no matter where you wander you will be sure to come to some point of interest. Mrs. Y. and I first struck Williams' Canon, which leads to the Cave of the Winds. We started to walk it as "Shank's mare" is healthier and cheaper, but before we reached the trail to the cave we realized that a mile and a half steep mountain climbing is quite different from a similar distance on a level. The air was so glorious that I scarcely felt the distance and wished I had wings to move faster, but when I reached the steps leading to the cave I was forced to rest before attempting the ascent. After climbing the steps and a winding, steep path, which made me rather dizzy, the mouth of the cave was reached where guides were awaiting to show the interior. After registering, which means $1.00 fee, Mrs. Y., some strangers and myself followed the guide into the cave, and the change in temperature was immediately felt. Coming from the intense heat into the coolness was delightful, although I found it was necessary to don my coat and turn up the collar before I had made the entire circuit, as it was 56° in parts of the cave. We first reached Cascade Hall, which is fifty feet high and long, and shows evidence of rushing water. The next and most interesting was Canopy Hall, where the stalactite formations are more wonderful than anything I ever dreamed of. Here were seen the prairie dog village, fairy scene and many others. The stillness throughout was most impressive, and it was necessary to remove our hats, some parts were so rugged and low. We also walked in single file. I cannot take time to more than mention Boston avenue, Diamond Hall, Hall of Beauty, Dante's Inferno and Crystal Palace. All were wonderful and inspiring, showing formations of jewels, animals and flowers. Who would wish to go abroad with such wonders so near home, and the Cave of the Winds is only one of many of the grand sights at Manitou? The best of it is that one has such cool nights for sleep that each day makes you ready, eager and equal for all the new and wonderful views. STELLA V. HENNESSY.

Don't you know to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Information Wanted.

If this should meet the eye of Mary Brennan (formerly Nolan) or any person knowing her whereabouts, her brother, Joseph Nolan, No. 49 Gravel street, Leicester, England, late of Liverpool, England, would be glad to hear news of her. She was last heard of in 1878, and was then in Moberly, Mo. Other Irish-American papers please copy.

JOSEPH NOLAN.

IRELAND HONORED.

Magnificent Gathering of the Irish-American People of Chicago and Cook County at Ogden Grove.

Eloquent Speeches by Distinguished People, All of Whom Predict the Speedy Accomplishment of Home Rule.

The Address Adopted Advises the Irish to Accept the Measure Under Protest.

Unconditional Release of the Prisoners Held in England for Alleged Outrages Demanded.

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

would be altogether superfluous; hatred for England runs in the Irish blood. Whether it be beneath the equator under the Southern Cross, in the frozen solitude of the North, or here, "with freedom's soil beneath our feet," the Irishman to the latest generation will curse the government of England; he will oppose its policy and fight against its power wherever the slime track of the serpent shall cross the path of his exiled wanderings.

I would not have you misunderstand me. Ireland's fight is not, and never has been with the "plain people" of England. It is rather against the same privileged classes, the same landlord aristocrats, the discendents of the same Tories who would have hung George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Patrick Henry with as little compunction as they murdered Robert Emmet or the martyrs of Manchester. So far as the English people are concerned, we all know they would strike hands tomorrow with the Irish people; would hail with cheers the breaking dawn of the day when, as John Boyle O'Reilly puts it—

"Europe's thirteen monarchies may be states,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
One grand federation like our own."

If the English people, themselves too long the footstool of a worn-out, corrupted aristocracy, if they would only advance under the leadership of some Hampden to the last Runnymede of their history; if instead of putting the English sceptre in the libertine hand of her successor, they would just kick the bauble of the queen's crown into the Thames; if some fine morning they would assemble at Balmoral Castle and change it into an English White House with some Gladstone in the presidential chair, England and Ireland would soon forget the tears and blood of the past. Fontenoy and the Boyne Water would fade from the page of Irish glory and English shame. No longer hereditary enemies, they would go forward, as our own Massachusetts and South Carolina, heart-bound to the realization of a splendid common destiny.

Whatever the faults of the Irish people, there is one characteristic of the nation to which the American will always lift his hat. I mean the annealed grit with which they cling to the determination that sooner or later in some day to come, Ireland will win back the long lost inheritance of nationhood. This resolve has never left the national heart. True as the needle to the pole, it will remain there even after the hand of John Redmond or Justin McCarthy shall have grasped the charter of Irish constitutional government. Right well may you Irishmen look upon the old flag with honest pride:

"'Tis as bright as of old,
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold." (Applause.)

Freedom's ensign yet is on its folds. It never went down forever when it met its Hastings or its Flodden fields. Ireland's freedom's eye never closed when her Kosciuskos fell. With a gaze still fixed upon Victory's sun, she stands amid her ivy-mantled mouldering heaps, still grand, lovely in her age of woe. Like Milton's angels, the spirit of her nationality,

"Vital in every part,
Cannot but by annihilation die."

After speaking at some length on the subject home rule and the many obstacles which seriously threaten its final success, Mr. Minihan continued: I have said that one of the dangers threatening the success of home rule is disunion in the ranks of Irish leadership. If there be one word in the language that should now be burned in characters of fire upon the Irish heart, that word is "Union." Disunion stands the grim accuser of every failure in the past. The serpent gliding his slimy way into Paradise was not more infamously wily than has been the cunning of English statesmanship in every age dividing the councils of Irish leadership.

Ireland is not without a parallel, either, for the disunion in the ranks of her leadership today. Our own American history has a Revolutionary story of disunion, of plots, and cabals, that darkened around Washington in the sternest hour of our own great struggle for home rule. Other instances there are just as strjking. But there is no one here but ourselves today. This, therefore, is not a time for palliation or excuse. Disunion now among Irish leaders is a blot upon the patriotism of either side, a crime against the people of Ireland, an unpardonable insult to the friends of home rule everywhere.

On the eve of Gettysburg, had Hancock and Meade trifled or quarreled as to who should command that fated field, we Americans would have held them both as eternally infamous. The cause is immeasurably greater than its leadership! Not that we love Redmond and Healy, McCarthy and Sexton the less, but that we love Ireland more—"A plague on both your houses!" The hour demands patriots. It will not longer tolerate partisans.

As factors in the fight, as men who have stood by them with our purse, who are still ready, if it must be, to stand by them with our blood; as men having the right to speak, Irish-Americans, with all the intensity of trembling hope and fear, as much in sorrow as in anger, one and all we denounce a longer continuance of disunion. Against this spirit of faction, all the bitter experience of the past rises in judgment. From out the blood-stained records of Irish history; from out the Pantheon of Ireland's statesmen, her heroes and her martyrs; from every spot where genius and heroism have offered up the sacrifice of bright and noble lives from the old parliament house where English cunning overthrew the liberties gained by Grattan and the Volunteers from stout Athlone and Cromwell-cursed Drogheda; from the shattered walls of Limerick, where Sarsfield held the breech, and forced the broken treaty of 1691; from the plains of Landes and Ramillies; from Oudinard and Malplaquet; from the lonely unepitaphed grave in the city Dublin, where sleep "with fame's eternal sunshine on his slumbers" the ashes of Emmet, the best loved rebel that ever unsheathed the consecrated brand of Irish rebellion; from the Cathedral of St. Peter's in Rome, where rests the pulseless heart of O'Connell, shrined in the representative temple of the faith, to whose unbounded worship he emancipated a nation; from the gallows of the "noble three," Allen, Larkin and O'Brien; from round the world today, where the rank and file of our race are welded in union beautiful as the emblematic trinity of the shamrock on the flag; from the whole American press—always the storm-tried anchor of Ireland's best hope; from the burning hearths of the living as well as the sacred ashes of the dead, an indignant protest assails the abetters of disunion, crying out with one mighty voice, "Away with it; away with it!"

"Close your ranks, the moment's come,
Now ye men of Ireland steady.
Friends of union, charge them home;
Foes of union, 'Fagh an Ballagh.'"

But I intrude too far upon your considerate attention. In conclusion, then, I will say that though clouds and darkness yet rest upon her future, we will not despair for the final and complete triumph of Home Rule. Behind the clouds still shines the sun of Irish hope. I have faith in the final union of the leadership of Ireland. I have faith in the cool, quiet, earnest determination of the Irish people. I have faith in the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone and the people he represents. I have faith in the unswerving steadfastness of America to prove true and unfaltering to every great cause she espouses. I have faith in this age, in the kind of battle Ireland is waging. But, more than all, I have faith in that Eternal Hand that guides the destinies of nations. Beneath the surface of all human events; deep down in the philosophy of all human affairs; back of the dreams of the speculative, and the deeds of the active, behind the fall of empires and the rise of peoples—back and behind and beyond them all stands the eternal justice of the living God. I look into the sanctuary of Ireland's altar and I see hanging there a beautiful chaplet, a glorious Tiare. A crown more mystically meaning than any that ever diademed the brow of a nation. On the first of these chaplets I read: "Ireland received her faith as no other nation ever received it;" over the second, "She has kept that faith as none other ever kept it;" over the third, "She has spread that faith as no other nation ever spread it." In this I have faith. It is the key the only key that satisfactorily unlocks the most singular of histories. As nations have no eternity, there must, in the logic of divine economy, be for them reward or punishment in time. In this I have abiding hope for Ireland's future. She seems, indeed, to have reached the summit of her national calvary after standing for ages heroically in defense of her faith and her nationality, at the pillar in the garden of England's Gethsemane. So certain as a God of justice rules in the heavens, so sure is it that Ireland's day of national transfiguration is at hand. In this hope I look up and say with the poet priest of America:

"Lo the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
'Tis the sunburst—resplendent—far flashing on high,
Erin's dark night is waining, her day-dawn is nigh."

The proceedings terminated with a short address by John F. Finerty.

GAELIC GAMES.

Two games of football were the features of the Gaelic Athletic Association games at Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street last Sunday afternoon. The O'Briens and Davitts were the first to appear on the field. When the leather was thrown in both clubs rushed for it, but the superior weight of the Davitts prevailed and they rushed it to the O'Briens' goal, which was cleverly defended by P. L. O'Connell. The O'Briens, by one of the rapid charges for which they are noted, swept the leather into Davitt territory, where Durkin scored a point. During the remainder of the half-hour play was even, each team being on the defensive in turn. The Davitts made a few determined attacks on the O'Briens' goal, the ball getting tangled up in a scrimmage twice within ten feet of the goal posts. The quick rallies of the O'Briens saved the fort every time. At half time the score stood two points to one in favor of the O'Briens. On play being resumed the O'Briens took the aggressive and Murphy soon scored a point. After ten minutes' play Jim Wolfe, the Davitts' goalkeeper, burst the football. Finally, when another was procured, the Davitts made a desperate attack on the O'Briens' lines, which the latter stubbornly defeuded. The game had reached a white heat, and many of the referee's decisions were hotly disputed. At the conclusion, however, the O'Briens were declared the victors by a score of four points to one. The players were:

Davitts—James Wolfe, goal; John Doody, Daniel Ahern, John Barrett, backs; J. W. Wolfe, William Burke, half-backs; J. F. Furlong, M. Lehane, right wing; Walter Pollard, T. C. Wolfe, left wing; Martin Killen, M. Ahern, Jas. O'Brien, centers; M. Brown, M. Moloney, Edward Stanley, P. J. Mulcahy, forwards.

O'Briens—P. L. O'Connell, goal; John Kelleher, P. Lehane, John Lenihan, backs; John Dunigan, Billy O'Connell, half-backs; J. B. Woods, Thos. Dugan, right wing; W. O. M. Burke, J. C. Woods, left wing; M. Shea, P. D. Fitzgerald, P. King, J. Lehane, centers; Patrick Durkin, J. Murphy, William Noonan, forwards.

M. O. C. Roche, of the Emmets, was referee. The game between the Grattans and the O'Connells was conceded to the former, as many of the O'Connell players were compelled to leave before the commencement of the game. The remainder, however, re-enforced by some members of other clubs, put up a pretty exhibition game, which resulted in a win for the Grattans.—*Herald.*

MARCH OF THE "NORTH CORK."

One of the most remarkable incidents of the Wexford "rebellion" of 1798 was the complete annihilation of the infamous North Cork Regiment of Yeomanry. When the first signs of insurrection appeared, this regiment was marched into Wexford, the soldiery committing frightful excesses on the way, burning the houses and often taking the lives of the hapless peasantry. The destruction of this powerful body of military at the battles of Oulart and Enniscorthy are historical facts of which the Wexfordians are proud to this day. The last line of these verses is taken from the chorus of a ballad very popular in Wexford:

The summer morn was was breaking in
the valley of the Suir;
The first faint sunbeams quivered on the
river running pure,
When out from Carrick's olden walls a
gay battalion strode,
And twice five hundred bayonets filed
down the dusty road.

Black Horsley of Dunmanaway, he faced
his men and said:
"Our journey's goal is Wexford Town,
our road lies straight ahead;
There's booty there, and fame to win for
ev'ry yeoman true,
My faith! we'll teach the rebel hordes
what loyal swords can do."

On marched the North Cork regiment,
a gallant sight to see;
Their tall plumes fluttered in the breeze
their bugles brayed with glee;
Past fair Mooncoin, past Granagh's
tower past ancient Waterford,
And soon o'er Wexford's war-scarred
fields their crimson banner soared.

What fires are those that flash on high?
what shrieks that pierce the air?
'Tis not the flame of cannon's mouth, or
battle-trumpet's blare.
O Wexford! 'tis thy roofs that blaze, and
'tis thy women's cry;
Now up, and grasp thy gory pike, the
vengeance hour is nigh!

* * * * * *

The morning light was glancing bright
on many a gliding rill,
The rising sun was burnishing the slopes
of Oulart Hill;
From storied Wexford's guarded gate a
train of yeomen passed—
They little dreamed the march that day
was fated for their last.

At noon on Oulart's moss-clad height
loud rang the musketry,
And Wexford flung upon the foe her
peasant chivalry.
Short shrift the ruffian spoilers found
when gleamed the dreadful pike,
For vengeance nerved the patriot's arm
and pointed where to strike.

Old Enniscorthy next saw fall the
"rebel's" blow of hate,
When fled the fear-struck yeomanry
from famous Duffry Gate;
They fell as fall the ripened crops when
tempests lash them down,
And few and pale the fugitives that
entered Wexford Town.

Such was the fate well-merited befell
that fiendish crew
The ravishers of peaceful homes, the
butchers of Carnew.
Light, Wexford, light thy triumph fires,
till hill and valley glow
And bless thy peasant-warriors that
never feared a foe!

The patriot flames they kindled then
have never since grown cold,
Today in Bargy and Idrone are hearts
that beat as bold,
And tho' the "Boys of Wexford" failed
on fatal Vinegar Hill,
They're ready for another fight and love
their country still.

SLIEVE-NA-MON.

—*Boston Pilot.*

OBITUARY.

SIMON O'DONNELL.

Capt. Simon O'Donnell, of the Chicago police force, who recently passed away in his 59th year, was a native of the county Clare, Ireland, and had been in the police service for more than thirty years. When left entirely to his own judgment, he was an excellent officer, whether in the ranks or in command. Sometimes, however, he was compelled to yield to the higher authorities, and thus, particularly at election times, gave seeming countenance to acts of violence that he would otherwise have sternly repressed. His funeral was very largely attended, as he was, in fact, one of Chicago's best known officers. His death was remarkably sudden, as he had been in excellent health up to within a few days of his taking off. Peretonitis was his malady. The *Herald*, in summing up the character of Mr. O'Donnell, says:

"Simon O'Donnell, who died Friday night, was not only an honest man, but an honest policeman. It is no reflection upon the police force to say that it is harder for a man to maintain his integrity as an officer than as a private citizen. A policeman is exposed to temptations and influences that are hard to resist, and the higher his position the stronger the temptations. It is not surprising that many men succumb to the pressure and barter away their manhood, but it is creditable to Simon O'Donnell that in all his years in the police department, from patrolman to chief, no cloud was ever thrown upon his character for honesty and uprightness. He was physically and morally courageous. He was too brave to be a clubber and too brave too take bribes. His courage was as great in the face of a mob as it was before politicians with 'pulls' who attempted to swerve him from his duty by threats of official degradation. Like Davy Crockett, he first knew he was right, then went ahead. He was a terror to evildoers and a protector of honest men. He shielded no thieves, either on the police force or out of it; he extorted no blackmail; he accepted no bribes. He lived and died an honest man, and his example is worthy of imitation by every man who wears the blue and carries a club in the city of Chicago."

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Chuaidh sé air ais go briste brónach, agus nuair bhi sé cupla ceud slat imthighthe ó'n g-cill stad se, mar nach raibh fhios aige cad i an áit thionntóchadh sé anois. Dubhairt guth an chorpáin ann a chluais, "Teampoll-Rónáin, Teampoll-Rónáin," agus bhi an lámh tana sinte amach aris le taisbéant an bhealaigh dhó.

B'éigin dó siúbhal, chomh tuirseach agus bhi sé, agus ni raibh an bealach geárr, agus ni raibh sé cothrom. Bhi an oidhche nios doreha 'na 'riamh, agus budh dheacair leis imtheacht. B'iomdha leagadh fuair sé, agus b'iomdha brughadh fuair a chnámha. Air deire, chonnaire sé Teampoll Rónáin uaidh 'nna sheasamh i lár na roilige. Dhruid sé anaice leis, agus shaoil sé go raibh sé ceart, sábháilta, nuair nach bhfacaidh sé aon tais no aon rud eile air an mballa, agus shaoil sé nach mbarrfaidhe é a ualach do leigint uaidh air deire. Dhruid sé anonn do'n ghesta agus air ndul asteach dó thuit sé thar an tairseach. Sul d'fheud sé éirighe rug rud éigin nach bhfacaidh sé air a mhuineul agus air a lámhaibh, agus rud eile air a chosaibh, agus bhrúigh siad é, agus thacht siad é go raibh sé réidh le fághail bháis, agus air deire thóg siad suas é agus rugadar ceud slat no nios ó'n roilig é, agus chaitheadar sios 'nna "phraiseach" é i sean-dhiog salach, é féin agus an corpán le chéile. D'éirighe sé suas go briste bhreóidhte brúighte, agus bhi faitchios air duf anaice leis an g-cill aris, mar nach bhfacaidh sé dadamh an t-am do leagadh agus do tógadh é.

"A chorpáin shuas air mo mhuin," ar sé, "an rachaidh me aris do'n roilig?" Acht nior fhreagair an corpán dó. "Is comhartha é sin nach mian leat me a fheuchaint aris," ar sé.

Bhi sé i n-amhras mór ann sin, creud do budh chóir dó a dheunamh nuair labhair an corpán ann a chluais "Imleóg-fhada, Imleóg-fhada." "O! maiseadh, 'ar seisean, "an éigin dam dul ann sin? Má chongbhóchaidh tu a bhfad mé tuitfidh me fát." Acht chuaidh sé air aghaidh aris, agus lean sé do'n taoibh a thaisbean meur an chorpáin dó. Nior fheud sé féin ráidh go ceart, cá fhada bhi sé ag imtheacht nuair d'fháisg an corpán é go h-obann agus dubhairt leis, "Séd é séd é."

Dheare Tadhg uaidh agus chonnaire sé balla an-bheag isiol, agus bhi sé briste sios i n-áiteachaibh chomh mór sin nach raibh aon bhalla ceart air bith ann. Bhi sé i bpáire mhóir leathain air thaobh an bhóthair, acht muna mbéidheadh go raibh tri no ceithre clocha móra do bhi nios cosmháile le carraigibh ná le clochaibh ag gach ceann de'n bhalla, ni raibh aon rud eile ann do thaisbeanfadh dó gur cill no roilig do bhi ann. "An g-cuirfidh me ann so thu, an é seo Imleóg-fhada?" ar Tadhg. "Seadh," ar san guth leis. "Acht ni fheicim uaigh air bith ann so, acht cárn cloch," ar Tadhg. Nior fhreagair an corpán dó acht shin sé amach a lámh fhada fhuar gan fheoil annsa' line budh chóir do Thadhg dul air aghaidh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

IRISH DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

An address, signed by the following named gentlemen, composing the executive committee appointed to arrange for Irish Day at the World's Fair, has been issued to the people at large: Frank Agnew, R. J. Walsh, T. E. Ryan, J. Cudahy, M. Cudahy, John R. Cooke, James Furlong, Springfield; John P. Hopkins, Thomas Hannafin, East St. Louis; P. Fortune, M. P. Moloney, Ottawa; Lawrence McGann, M. C.; Ald. Thos. Gallagher, Ald. John Powers, J. L. Reilly, F. D. Kinsella, Miles Kehoe, P. B. Flanagan, P. Fortune, Frank Conroy, M. J. Bransfield, M. P. Brady, M. W. Murphy, M. W. Kerwin, Revs. M. J. Dorney, P. J. Dore, J. Finn, E. A. Kelly, J. O'Brien, P. F. Gallaghan, J. J. Greene, County Attorney James Maher, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont; Francis T. Colby, W. H. Joyce, D. F. O'Connor, John Byrne, L. R. Buckley, J. J. Mahoney, P. O'Sullivan, South Chicago; John M. Smyth, James M'Hale, James C. Strain, John F. Finerty, Marcus Kavanaugh, M. J. Keane, J. Devlin, J. Callaghan, John Foley, Commissioners M. J. Kelly, F. E. Coyle, Charles J. Byrne, Rev. J. F. Henneberry, H. K. Jordan, Thos. Gahan, Martin Mulcahy, J. F. O'Malley, James Leahy, P. J. Gorman, M. Walsh, M. S. Hyland, P. J. Cahill, E. O'Connell, Bloomington; J. T. Keating:

"To the Irish race in the United States: A convention of the various Irish-American societies of Illinois, held in Chicago, July 30, resolved that the Irish race in this country formally participate in the World's Columbian Exposition Sept. 30 next and appointed an executive committee to make all necessary arrangements. The date named has been secured as Irish Day.

"The spirit of our race should inspire us to perfectly avail ourselves of the opportunity the day will give to exhibit our appreciation of the unsurpassed achievement of the great Columbus: to manifest our joy in the splendid nation of freemen that possesses the glorious land Columbus gave to civilization, our pride in its radiant progress, and unequaled constitution; and to succinctly put before the world the honorable history of the Irish race, to the end that the nations may acquire that knowledge of its genius, spirit and achievements which will obtain for it the respectful universal recognition to which it is entiled.

"At the great Exposition all nations are represeuted; a like assembly may not again be seen in a land and at a time so favorable for the demonstration contemplated. Now, without hinderance or embarrassment, our race may display to the congregated world the evidences of its right to claim an honorable place among the worthiest peoples.

"Men of our race profoundly learned in its history, others distinguished in scholarship, oratory and every sphere of life in which talent and genius win pre-eminence, will present our people's case for the judgment of the nations.

"An occasion that may be made productive of most desirable advantages to the Irish race throughout the world should be availed of by our people in the United States.

"Here under the equal laws of a free country our people have demonstrated their equality with the most eminent in letters, art and commerce, and have meritoriously acquired and hold distinguished rank among the administrators of the governments of the States.

"On Irish Day, therefore, the Irish nationality in the republic should stand distinct from the great mass of their fellow-citizens before the world, that their honorable status in the greatest nation of the earth may demonstrate to the world the splendor of the genius of the race, and its gorgeous virility; that in a free land the torch of the one is lighted at the sun and the fountain of the other is the bosom of liberty.

"Wherefore we urge the men and women of the Irish race throughout the republic to attend the World's Columbian Exposition on Irish Day in numbers so grand as to make the occasion truly a demonstration of the race and an event of which the memory will be proud and lasting."

The executive committee and subcommittees appointed by the convention have been doing good work towards making Sept. 30, 1893, a day of note in the history of the Irish race on the northern continent. Messrs. T. E. Ryan, W. H. Joyce, James C. Strain, M. P. Brady, James A. O'Connell and L. R. Buckley are chairmen of the several committees. Headquarters of a comfortable and commodious character have been secured in McCoy's Hotel under charge of John T. Keating, assisted by H. K. Jordan and Michael Martin. The above address will be mailed to every city, town and village in the United States, and we hope its words will awaken the patriotism of the children of the scattered Gael. No effort should be left undone to make Irish Day what its promoters hope it will be, a grand gathering of Ireland's best and America's truest citizens. All communications should be addressed to John T. Keating, Secretary, McCoy's Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas Murphy has been appointed manager, and is now in charge of, the refreshment department in Mrs. Hart's Irish Village. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Murphy, and feels confident that he will give entire satisfaction to those who patronize Donegal Castle.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term A. D. 1893. Albert Nelson vs. Annie Nelson. In Chancery. No. 118,437.

Notice is hereby given to the said Annie Nelson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

GEO. B. HENNESSY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

ESTATE OF ANDREW J. TURNER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1893, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 31, 1893.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, Administrator.

William J. Cary, Attorney.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE IS hereby given, that a limited partnership has been formed, and entered into by the undersigned, under and pursuant to chapter 84 of the Revised Statutes of Illinois, entitled "An Act to revise the law in relation to limited partnerships," approved March 18, 1874, in force July 1, 1874; that the name under which the partnership is to be conducted is J. Richter; that the general nature of the business to be transacted is pawnbroking, that is, the loaning of sums of money on the security of pledges of personal property; and also buying and selling jewelry, watches, precious stones and such other articles of personal property as are usually bought and sold by pawnbrokers in the city of Chicago, county of Cook, and State of Illinois; that said business is to be carried on in Chicago, in the county of Cook aforesaid; that the undersigned Jennie Richter, whose place of residence is the city of Chicago aforesaid, is the general partner, and the undersigned Isaac Pieser, whose place of residence is the city of Chicago aforesaid, is the special partner; that the amount of capital stock which the said special partner Isaac Pieser has contributed to the common stock is two thousand five hundred dollars; which contribution has been made in merchandise, at cash value, which merchandise is of the kind and nature in which the said partnership is to deal, as above set forth; that the said contribution of the said Isaac Pieser to the common stock has been, actually, and in good faith contributed and applied to the same; that the said partnership is to commence on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893, and will terminate on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1895; that the said partnership shall not be dissolved by the death of said general partner, Jennie Richter; that a certificate of the formation of the said limited partnership, as required by law, together with an affidavit by the said general partner Jennie Richter that the contribution of the said special partner Isaac Pieser to the common stock, specified in the said certificate, has been, actually and in good faith, contributed and applied to the same, was filed for record in the office of the county clerk of Cook county, in the State of Illinois, on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

Dated at Chicago aforesaid, this seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

JENNIE RICHTER
General partner.
ISAAC PIESER,
Special partner.

MATTHEW P. BRADY Solicitor.

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ESTATE OF JACOB WEST, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Jacob West, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room in the city of Chicago, in said Cook county, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 16, 1893.

JACOB WEST, Executor.

David Sullivan, Attorney for said estate.

PARENTAL ADVICE.

Feelin' sorrowful, ain't ye, Johnny?
Well, that's the way I view it,
That the gals would like to love ye,
But you've got to make 'em do it.
Don't go browsin' at a distance
In some pasture away off yonder,
Don't believe what idiots tell ye—
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
Step up to 'em, Johnny, smarter;
Sorry Kate give you the mitten;
She'd said, "Yes," you're as gospel
If you hadn't acted such a kitten.
You will learn, time's the matter
Bimeby I set the case in view it,
That the gals would like to love ye,
But you've got to make 'em do it.

Every body's bound to have 'em
Ah, at any rate, but few are;
An, when I was young an lively
I was taken jest as you are.
An I went an popped it to her
She reered completely out of natur',
Tremblin like a frightened rabbit,
Flushin like a red termater.
An she had told me "No, sir,"
I was jes about as you be,
Goin round limp an kinder dumpish,
Feelin like a blasted booby.
But I finly spunked up courage
Like a man to go an win her,
An she's been a blessin to me;
I can't say a word agin her!

"Did I get her?" Now you're crazy!
Do you s'pose I'd get another
W'en I loved the gal like I did?
Go an ask her, she's yer mother.
Since that time I tell the youngsters
Jest the way I allus view it,
That the gals would like to love 'em,
But they've got to make 'em do it.
—Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

A HOMELY HERO.

"Poor Abe Dodge!"

That's what they called him, though he wasn't any poorer than other folks—not so poor as some. How could he be poor, work as he did and steady as he was? Worth a whole grist of such bait as his brother, Ephe Dodge, and yet they never called Ephe poor—whatever worse name they might call him. When Ephe was off at a show in the village, Abe was following the plow, driving a straight furrow, though you wouldn't have thought it to see the way his nose pointed. In winter, when Ephe was taking the girls to singing school or spelling bee or some other foolishness—out till after 9 o'clock at night, like as not—Abe was hanging over the fire holding a book so the light would shine first on one page and then on the other, and he turning his head as he turned the book and reading first with one eye and then with the other.

There, the murder's out. Abe couldn't read with both eyes at once. If Abe looked straight ahead, he couldn't see the furrow nor anything else for that matter. His best friend couldn't say but what Abe Dodge was the crosseyedest cuss that ever was. Why, if you wanted to see Abe you'd stand in front of him, but if you wanted Abe to see you you'd got to stand behind him or pretty near it. Homely! Well, if you mean downright "humbly," that's what he was. When one eye was in use the other was out of sight, all except the white of it. Humbly ain't no name for it. The girls used to say he had to wake up in the night to rest his face, it was so humbly. In school you'd ought to have seen him look down at his copybook. He had to cant his head clear over and cock up his chin till it pointed out of the winder and down the road. You'd really ought to have seen him; you'd have died. Head of the class, too, right along; just as near to the head as Eph was to the foot, and that's sayin a good deal. But to see him at his desk! He looked for all the world like a week old chicken peekin at a tumblebug! And him a grown man, too, for he staid to school winters so long as there was anything more the teacher could teach him. You see there wasn't anything to draw him away; no girl wouldn't look at him. Lucky, too, seein the way he looked.

Well, one term there was a new teacher come—regular high up girl, down from Chicago. As bad luck would have it Abe wasn't at school the first week—hadn't got through his fall work. So she got to know all the scholars, and they was awful tickled with her—everybody always was that knowed her. The first day she come in and saw Abe at his desk she thought he was squintin for fun, and she upped and laughed right out. Some of the scholars laughed, too, at first, but most of 'em, to do 'em justice, was a leetle took back, young as they was, and cruel by nature. (Young folks is most usually always cruel—don't seem to know no better).

Well, right in the middle of the hush Abe gathered up his books and upped and walked out doors, lookin right ahead of him and consequently seeing the handsome young teacher unbeknown to her.

She was the worst cut up you ever did see, but what could she do or say? Go and tell him she thought he was makin up a face for fun? The girls do say that come noon spell, when she found out about it, she cried—just fairly cried. Then she tried to be awful nice to Abe's ornery brother Ephe, and Ephe he was tickled most to death, but that didn't do Abe any good—Ephe was jest ornery enough to take care that Abe shouldn't get any comfort out of it. They do say she sent messages to Abe, and Ephe never delivered them or else twisted 'em so as to make things worse and worse. Mebbe so, mebbe not—Ephe was ornery enough for it.

'Course the schoolmarm she was boardin round, and pretty soon it come time to go to ole man Dodge's, and she went; but no Abe could she ever see. He kept away, and as to meals he never set by, but took a bite off by himself when he could get a chance. ('Course his mother favored him, being he was so cussed unlucky.) Then when the folks was all to bed he'd come in and poke up the fire and peek into his book, but first one side and then the other, same as ever.

Now, what does schoolma'am do but come down one night when she thought he was abed and asleep and catch him unawares. Abe knowed it was her quick as he heard the rustle of her dress, but there wasn't no help for it, so he just covered his crosseyes with his hands and she pitched in. What she said I don't know, but Abe he never said a word, only told her he didn't blame her, not a mite; he knew she couldn't help it no more than he could. Then she asked him to come back to school, and he answered to please excuse him. After a bit she asked him if he wouldn't come to oblige her, and he said he calculated he was obligin her more by stayin away.

Well, come to that she didn't know what to say or do; womanlike she upped and cried, and then she said he hurt her feelings. And the upshot of it was he said he'd come, and they shook hands on it—Abe givin his other hand of course.

Well, Abe kept his word and took up schoolin as if nothing had happened, and such schoolin as there was that winter! I don't believe any regular academy had more learnin and teachin that winter than that what that district school did. Seemed as if all the scholars had turned over a new leaf. Even wild, ornery, no account Ephe Dodge couldn't help but get ahead some—but then he was crazy to get the schoolma'am, and she never paid no attention to him, just went with Abe. Abe was teachin her mathematics, seeing that was the one thing where he knowed more than she did—outside of farmin. Folks used to say that if Ephe had Abe's head or Abe had Ephe's face the schoolma'am would have half of the Dodge farm whenever ol man Dodge got through with it, but neither of them did have what the other had, and so there it was you see.

Well, you've heard of Squire Caton of course. Judge Caton they call him since he got to be judge of the supreme court and chief justice at that. Well, he had a farm down there not far from Fox river, and when he was there he was just a plain farmer like the rest of us, though up in Chicago he was a high up lawyer, leader of the bar. Now it so happened that a young doctor named Brainard, Daniel Brainard, had just come to Chicago and was startin in, and Squire Caton was helpin him; gave him desk room in his office and made him known to the folks—Kinzies and Butterfields and Ogdens and Hamiltons and Arnolds and all of those folks—about all there was in Chicago in those days. Brainard had been to Paris—Paris, France, not Paris, Ills., you understand—and knew all the doctorin there was to know then.

Well, come spring, Squire Caton had Doc Brainard down to visit him, and they shot ducks and geese and prairie chickens, and some wild turkeys and deer too. Game was just swarmin at that time. All the while Caton was doin what law business there was to do, and Brainard thought he ought to be doin some doctorin to keep his hand in, so he asked Caton if there wasn't any cases he could take up—surgery cases especially he hankered after, seein he had more carving tools than you could shake a stick at. He asked him particularly if there wasn't anybody he could treat for "strabismus." The squire hadn't heard of anybody dying of that complaint, but when the doctor explained that strabismus was French for crosseyes he naturally thought of poor Abe Dodge, and the young lawyer was right up on his ear. He smelled the battle afar off, and 'most before you could say Jack Robinson the squire and the doctor were on horseback and down to the Dodge farm, tool chest and all.

Well, it so happened that nobody was at home but Abe and Ephe, and it didn't take but few words before Abe was ready to set right down, then and there, and let anybody do anything he was a mind to with his misfortunate eyes. No, he wouldn't wait till the old folks come home. He didn't want to ask no advice. He wasn't afraid of pain nor of what anybody could do to his eyes—couldn't be made any worse than they were, whatever you did to 'em. Take 'em out and boil 'em and put 'em back if you had a mind to, only go to work. He knew he was of age and he guessed he was master of his own eyes—such as they were.

Well, there wasn't nothing else to do but go ahead. The doctor opened up his killing tools and tried to keep Abe from seeing them; but Abe, he just come right over and peeked at 'em, handled 'em and called 'em "splendid," and so they were, barrin havin them used on your own flesh and blood and bones.

Then they got some cloths and a basin and one thing another and set Abe right down in a chair. (No such thing as chloroform in those days, you'll remember.) And 'Squire Caton was to hold an instrument that spread the eyelid wide open, while Ephe was to hold Abe's head steady. First touch of the lancet and first spurt of blood, and what do you think? That ornery Ephe wilted and fell flat on the floor behind the chair!

"'Squire," said Brainard, "step around and hold his head."

"I can hold my own head," says Abe as steady as you please. But 'Squire Caton he straddled over Ephe and held his head between his arms and the two handles of the eyespreader with his hands.

It was all over in half a minute, and then Abe he leaned forward and shook the blood off his eyelashes and looked straight out of that eye for the first time since he was born. And the first words he said were:

"Thank the Lord! She's mine!"

About that time Ephe he crawled outdoors, sick as a dog, and Abe spoke up. Says he:

"Now for the other eye, doctor."

"Oh," says the doctor, "we'd better take another day for that."

"All right," says Abe, "if your hands are tired of cuttin you can make another job of it. My face ain't tired of bein cut, I can tell you."

"Well, if you're game, I am."

So, if you'll believe me, they just set to work and operated on the other eye, Abe holding his own head as he said he would and the squire holding the spreader. And when it was all done the doctor was for putting a bandage on to keep things quiet till the wounds all healed up, but Abe just begged for one sight at himself, and he stood up and walked over to the clock and looked in the glass and says he:

"So that's the way I look, is it? Shouldn't have known my own face—never saw it before. How long must I keep the bandage on, doctor?"

"Oh, if the eyes ain't very sore when you wake up in the morning you can take it off if you'll be careful."

"Wake up! Do you s'pose I can sleep when such a blessing has fallen on me? I'll lay still, but if I forget it or you for one minute this night I'll be so ashamed of myself that it'll wake me right up!"

Then the doctor bound up his eyes, and the poor boy said "Thank God" two or three times, and they could see the tears running down his cheeks from under the cloth. Lord! It was just as pitiful as a broken wing bird!

How about the girl? Well, it was all right for Abe—and all wrong for Ephe—all wrong for Ephe. But that's all past and gone—past and gone. Folks come for miles and miles to see cross eyed Abe with his eyes as straight as a loon's leg. Dr. Brainard was a great man forever after in those parts. Everywhere else, too, by what I heard.

When the doctor and the squire come to go, Abe spoke up, blindfolded as he was, and says he:

"Doc, how much do you charge a feller for savin' his life—making a man out of a poor wreck—doin what he thought never could be done but by dyin and goin to kingdom come?"

"Oh," says Doc Brainard, says he, "that ain't what we look at as pay practice. You didn't call me in—I came of myself, as though it was what we call a clinic. If all goes well and you happen to have a barrel of apples to spare, you just send them up to Squire Caton's house in Chicago, and I'll call over and help eat 'em."

What did Abe say to that? Why, sir, he never said a word, but they do say the tears started out again, out from under the bandage and down his cheeks. But then Abe he had a 5-year-old pet mare he'd raised from a colt—pretty as a picture, kind as a kitten and fast as split lightning—and next time Doc came down Abe he just slipped out to the barn and brought the mare round and hitched her to the gate post, and when Doc came to be going, says Abe:

"Don't forget your nag, doctor; she's hitched at the gate."

Well, sir, even then Abe had the hardest kind of a time to get Doc Brainard to take that mare, and when he did ride off leadin her it wasn't half an hour before back she came lickety split. Doc said she broke away from him and put for home, but I always suspected he didn't have no use for a hoss he couldn't sell nor hire out, and couldn't afford to keep in the village—that was what Chicago was then. But come along toward fall Abe he took her right up to town, and then the doctor's practice had growed so much that he was pretty glad to get her, and Abe was glad to have him have her, seeing all that had come to him through havin eyes like other folks—that's the schoolma'am I mean.

How did the schoolma'am take it? Well, it was this way. After the cuttin Abe didn't show up for a few days, till the inflammation got down and he'd had some practice handlin his eyes, so to speak. He just kept himself to himself, enjoyin himself. He'd go round doin the chores, singing so you could hear him a mile. He was always great on singin, Abe was, though ashamed to go to singin school with the rest. Then when the poor boy began to feel like other folks he went right over to where the schoolma'am happened to be boardin round and walked right up to her and took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said:

"Do you know me?"

Well, she kind of smiled and blushed, and then the corners of her mouth pulled down and she pulled one hand away, and, if you believe me, that was the third time that girl cried that season to my certain knowledge, and all for nothin either time!

What did she say? Why, she just said she'd have to begin all over again to get acquainted with Abe. But Ephe's nose was out of joint, and Ephe knowed it as well as anybody, Ephe did. It was Abe's eyes to Ephe's nose.

Married? Oh, yes, of course, and lived on the farm as long as the old folks lived, and afterward, too, Ephe staying right along like the fool he always had been. That feller never did have as much sense as a last year's bird's nest.

Alive yet? Abe? Well, no. Might have been if it hadn't been for Shiloh. When the war broke out, Abe thought he'd ought to go, old as he was, so he went into the Sixth. Maybe you've seen a book written about the captain of Company K of the Sixth. It was Company K he went into—him and Ephe. And he was killed at Shiloh—just as it always seems to happen. He got killed, and his worthless brother come home. Folks thought Ephe would have liked to marry the widow, but Lord! she never had no such an idea! Such bait as he was compared to his brother! She never chirked up to speak of, and now she's dead, too, and Ephe he just toodles round taking care of the children—kind of a he dry nurse. That's about all he ever was good for anyhow.

My name? Oh, my name's Ephraim—Ephe they call me for short, Ephe Dodge. Abe was my brother.—Joseph Kirkland in Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Cure For Stammering.

A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune. He says: "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do this every two or three days—or once a week if very tiresome—always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips, but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible and make up your mind that you will not stammer.

"The first result was to make my jaws ache—that is, while I was reading—and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated this remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured."—New York Telegram.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

WHY THE UNITED STATES ENSIGN HAS THIRTEEN STRIPES.

Congress on June 14, 1777, First Passed the Law Designating the Color of the National Emblem and the Arrangement of the Stars and Stripes.

Beginning about five or six years ago public schools in the old Bay State instituted what is rapidly growing into the custom of honoring the birthday of the starry ensign. The day, the recurring anniversary of the historic 14th of June, 1777, the date of the adoption of the "star spangled banner," was celebrated with patriotic declamations and recitations and songs. From Massachusetts the innovation, commended for the patriotism it aroused among the coming citizens of the country, spread rapidly through New England, boards of education in some of the states officially recognizing the occasion and aiding in its celebration. It is also journeying on its way southward and westward and bids fair to become the red letter day of the year in our public schools. Of the 13,125,000 school children about one-fifth already pay tribute in some form to the occasion.

As observance of the anniversary gains in age and popularity knowledge of our country's ensign will increase both among our youngsters and their parents, the "children of a larger growth." Few symbolisms should be more cherished by all good Americans than should be our flag. And yet—is it due to lack of patriotism or to our national hurry?—the average American, the schoolboy always barred, stutters and stammers when you ask him the simple, primary question, "How many stars are there in the United States flag?" After a minute of hard thought he is apt to reply with any number from 38 to 42. Even the third class in history would have answered immediately with one voice, "Forty-four!" There is much more of romance in the history of the adoption of Uncle Sam's colors and more of symbolism in the choice of their details than is commonly thought. Captain Preble devoted several chapters of his 80,000 word "History of the American Flag" to explain these matters. Here is the story in short:

In the opening days of June, 1777, when the colonial troops had for more than two years been combating under any local flags that captured their fancy, congress, sitting at Philadelphia, appointed a committee to devise a common flag. The names of the members of this committee have been lost in the ancient dust of congressional history, but it is known that John Adams was mainly instrumental in guiding it to its decisions. On June 14 congress unanimously adopted its report, urging that "the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

A sample flag of silk, made by a good Quaker matron, was displayed in congress, having its union square and the stars forming the rim of a circle.

Red, white and blue were chosen, firstly, because orange, white and blue were the colors of the only other republic of modern times, the old Dutch republic of the preceding century, and, secondly, because they were the colors of the New York regiments. An easy change turned orange into red. Stripes were chosen because they were a symbolism of both the New York and the old Dutch flags. Stars are supposed to have been selected because 13 figures being required for the union, they were the most appropriate for that number of devices for a blue field.

Though this flag was unanimously adopted and was shown to a goodly number of the inhabitants of the Quaker City during the summer following, it was not officially announced until Sept. 3. Paul Jones, the noted naval hero, impatiently waiting for the equipment of his fast brig, the Ranger, at Portsmouth, N. H., was the first one outside of the Quaker town to display the ensign. He ran it up to the masthead of his stanch little man-o'-war and put to sea at once to disclose to the winds of the mid-Atlantic a banner as free as themselves and to gain the honor off the Scotch coast of being the first to introduce the star sprent flag to European eyes.

On land, outside of Philadelphia, the flag was first flown during the battle of the Brandywine, floating above Lafayette when that 20-year-old major general was wounded. A month later it flaunted at the headquarters of Gates, when he received the surrendering army of Burgoyne.

Uncle Sam's first flag remained unchanged for 18 years, though in the meantime the government was formally organized under a constitution, and two new states were added. In 1795 by the exertions of Senator Bradley of the new state of Vermont the number of stars and that of stripes were each increased to 15, the additions representing the Green Mountain State and Kentucky. This amended flag was the one borne by Harrison and Jackson on land and by Hull and Perry at sea in the war of 1812. In 1818 stripes were reduced to 13, and the present law of adding a new star for each new state admitted to the Union was passed.—Daniel D. Bidwell in New York Ledger.

The Queen of the Antilles.

Jamaica has perhaps made greater strides in the way of progress than any of England's smaller colonies during the past 25 years and has some right now to call herself "the Queen of the Antilles." Among the evidences of improvement may be cited the hotels which have sprung up in the island, for the building of one of which £24,000 was expended. Then the Americans are laying lines of railway through the best part of the island, and the fruit cultivation is now as productive as that of sugar, while the price of land has risen enormously. Carlyle's shade would be astonished to hear that the once thriftless blacks have managed to put by nearly £500,000 in their savings banks.—London World.

Identification by the Teeth.

The identification of bodies that have been mutilated beyond recognition by the usual rules has until recently been so difficult that every year hundreds of bodies of heroes have been consigned to nameless graves.

But a new system of identification has been discovered that is as accurate and unfailing as is the famous system of measurement employed by the Paris police in keeping track of the criminals of France. It is identification by means of the teeth. It was first suggested and put in practice by a New York dentist. For years it has been the custom of all first class dentists to keep a complete chart of the teeth of all their patients, together with a record of all their fillings, removals or other work done to the masticators. These charts and records are carefully filed away and are kept as long as the patient lives.

A comparison of several hundred of these charts recently made in New York showed that no two of them were identically alike. The first and most noted instance where identification by the teeth was made conclusive was in the case of Norcross, the dynamiter who attempted the life of Russell Sage and was blown to pieces. While a trousers button furnished the first clew to his identity, it was not until his teeth were examined by his dentist that the identity was recognized by the young man's parents.—Chicago Times.

Meat Eating and Bad Temper.

In no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat eating France urbanity is the rule of the home. In fish and rice eating Japan harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails even among the children who play together in the streets. In Japan I never heard rude, angry words spoken by any but Englishmen.

I am strongly of the opinion that the ill temper of the English is caused in a great measure by a too abundant meat dietary combined with a sedentary life. The half oxidized products of albumen circulating in the blood produce both mental and moral disturbances. Brain workers should live sparingly if they would work well and live long. Their force is required for mental exertion and should not be expended on the task of digestion, for "they should remember that the digestion of heavy meals involves a great expenditure of nerve force." The healthful thing to do is to lead an active and unselfish life, on a moderate diet, sufficient to maintain strength and not increase weight.—Ernest Hart in London Hospital.

Modern Athletes and Their Predecessors.

In Outing S. Scoville writes concerning athletic records. He is no believer in the doctrine that in former times men were more powerful and active physically than they are at the present day. He considers that the best of the Greeks were probably a little superior to the athletes of today, but to the Greeks alone does he award this praise. The remarkable records of feats of strength and endurance that are quoted as proof of the physical degeneracy of mankind he is inclined to treat with scant respect. Where reliable records have been preserved he shows that in all contests the athlete today is an abler man than his predecessors.

The cause assigned is better hygienic conditions, a more intelligent system of training and a better knowledge of the laws of health. The author shows that in all running races, save the long distance races, and in walking contests the time is far better now than it was before and that the same superiority can be shown to exist in every branch of athletics in which it is possible to make comparisons. While admitting that more perfect tracks and appliances of all kinds are accountable for a part of the gain, Mr. Scoville is of the opinion that the modern athlete would have beaten his predecessor on his own grounds.

Strange Amusements.

In 1654 the public punishment of criminals became a prominent feature of carnival. It was felt to be a serious check upon the gayety of the festival, but excused as an awful example for such as were inclined to profit by the general license for criminal behavior—rendered necessary now that precept had been found inadequate to cope with the disorders. Later on the chief and most celebrated criminals were specially reserved far carnival, on the first Saturday of which they were punished.

Such as were guilty of disorderly conduct during carnival itself were usually flogged, and the necessary apparatus for this stood ready in several parts of the city. We are reminded of their existence today by the name Piazzetta della Corda, and they remained up permanently until destroyed by the people in 1798.

Courtesans were also publicly chastised if caught masked or dressed as men in the Corso—the public executioner not being above seeking popularity by making victims of the most prominent. Thus in 1656 was publicly chastised Cecca-buffona, the favorite of Cardinal Antonio, nephew of Urban VIII.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Testimony of a Friend.

Attorney General Hendrick of Kentucky prides himself on the fact that he rose from a farm laborer to his present place of dignity and honer. He was telling some friends in Frankfort the other day of his early struggles and called a negro who was passing to attest the veracity of his statements. "Brother Bradley," said he, "is an old fashioned, blue gummed negro and a boyhood friend of mine, by whose side I have worked many a day in the cornfield. Wasn't I a good man in the cornfield, Brother Bradley?" "Oh, yes, sah," said the darky, "you was a good man for a fact, but you suttinly didn't work much."—San Francisco Argonaut.

DANGER IN A WALKING STICK.

An English Physician Has Discovered a New Disease That Attacks Men.

As a medical man with a fairly large practice I meet with and treat cases which cover a very wide ground. But never until last night have I met with a case the trouble and very probable suffering from which may be distinctly traced to the carrying of a walking stick!

A man came to see me who had completed a week's walking tour in Devonshire. He looked well and healthy. There was no mistake about that, but his left arm was almost numb, the muscles were contracted, and it was with great trouble and evident pain he lifted it from his side. It puzzled me at first. His right arm was all right, but on examining it I noticed the skin on the hand was peeling off, while his left hand had no sign whatever of this.

"Been boating?" I asked.

No, he had not been boating. Then I suddenly caught sight of a walking stick resting by the side of his chair, and which he had brought into the room. The secret of it all was soon out then—a very simple secret. It was a thick and heavy stick weighing quite a pound. He had carried that in the right hand for a whole week, while he admitted that his left hand generally occupied his trousers pocket. The constant using of the stick had worn the skin away, while the carrying of it—not having been equally balanced between the two hands—had caused the one not thus exercised to become stiff and positively useless for the time being.

A walking stick, to my mind, is not the most desirable thing. Still I suppose they will always be carried, but I would warn those who carry them to excess. Sticks should be avoided with plated tops. Either they should be of silver or gold or some perfectly pure metal, or, better still, only the polished top of the natural stick should come into contact with the flesh of the hand, which often—as in the case of clerks and those not occupied in manual labor—is as tender and susceptible to disease as any part of the body. A glove might, however, overcome this difficulty.

Then as to the weight of the stick. It is only reasonable to suppose that too great a drag on the muscles is not calculated to improve them. Stretching the muscles in this manner is far from advisable. A man should carry a stick in proportion to his own weight, and a stick from 8 to 10 ounces will be found as good as any.

But the great danger appears to me to be that of constantly carrying this wooden companion in the same hand. I may be called a faddist, an old woman among medicos, and the like, but here I have just had a practical proof of the difficulty which does arise from this practice. It means a certain amount of pleasant labor to the hand and arm to carry a stick, and in this labor—more particularly when the stick is carried for any length of time, as in the case I have just quoted—the work of the hands and arms should be fairly divided.

I know this view will be severely questioned, but let any who have their doubts just set out and carry a stick of the same weight my patient did for only a few hours and note the result.—London Tit-Bits.

Tea and Camphor In Transit.

One of the big English tramp steamers which a week ago was unloading at a pier between the sectional docks and the bridge filled the east side with a mixture of odors peculiar to the far east, the most prominent among them being the pungent aroma of camphor.

"Halloo," said one of a group who were walking down South street. "Let's go down and see them unload the tea ship."

"No you don't," said a second man, "no tea there."

Argument followed, suppers were wagered, and the question was settled by a visit to the Hankow, the steamer which was at the pier. The first speaker knew more when they went away from the pier, for he learned that no tea is carried on a steamer which carries camphor, and that no matter what composed the rest of the cargo, the camphor was kept in a separate, closed room and was only taken at an exceedingly high rate of freight.

So carefully is tea handled and so penetrating is the odor of camphor that the two are not allowed on the same pier together, even in the open air, with 300 feet of space between them. The next time he smells camphor he will not go down to the ship to see tea unloaded.—New York Tribune.

They Both Had It.

The man that always has a joke to be printed came in with a ha-ha in his voice.

"Oh, I say," he exclaimed, "I've got a corker."

"What is it?" inquired the helpless victim.

"Did you celebrate the twenty-fifth of the alphabet?"

"The what?"

"The twenty-fifth of the alphabet—the Fourth of July?"

"Come off. What's the twenty-fifth of the alphabet got to do with the Fourth of July?"

"That's what it is."

"I don't see it."

"I'll show you," and the joker ha-ha'd some more. "You see, the twenty-fifth of the alphabet is one letter; that one letter is y; y is the fourth of July, and there you have it."

"And there you have it too," added the helpless victim as he fired a pastepot into the joker's neck.—Detroit Free Press.

Protect the Eye From Foreign Bodies.

Never needlessly expose the eye to foreign particles, but when necessary wear plain glasses or goggles. When experimenting with chemicals, always turn the mouth of the tube or bottle away from the face and eyes. Whenever an eye is injured severely, says the hygienic doctor, place the patient immediately in a dark room and under the care of a skilled physician, whose directions must be implicitly followed.

The foreign bodies may be solids, as sand, cinders, hair, dirt, etc., lime, acids or alkalis.—Washington Star.

ORIENTAL ART IN COLOR.

Brilliant Tints Combined So as to Have a Restful Effect on the Eye.

The reason that colors in an oriental brooch or bracelet are so perfect is the same reason that an old oriental carpet is better than any other. An Asiatic dislikes to be dazzled, to be blinded with glare, to have his eyes hurt and his brain heated by unsubdued effects of light. Consequently, though he dyes his wools in intense colors, having few others, he so combines them, so mixes them with black and that dark cream of which Europe has never caught the secret, that the total result is restful, and the very idea of glare or of full daylight on the patterns is entirely absent.

It is precisely the same with oriental jewels. Their natural glare is kept down by combination and want of polish. The Asiatic, who carved in jade and sank deep inscriptions into sapphires, could have faceted precious stones as well as the cutters of Amsterdam, who until lately used no machinery. But he did not desire to do it. He wanted subdued effects and made of the garnet a carbuncle—which is a miracle of color without glare—or he cut off, as we have seen in many emeralds, a mere corner, so the beholder, instead of being bothered with flashing green, should peep at will into green depths.

We do not say he was altogether right—as regards the diamonds he was entirely wrong—but we may rely on it that he knew his business, and when he failed that he intended to fail. His intense appreciation of turquoise was due not only to admiration of its color, which can be matched only by one or two flowers, but to the fact that it is the one gem that for all its brilliancy of color does not flash. To this hour the high class Asiatic loves the catseye as the European never can because the light in it gives no pain, but reveals itself through a sort of dusky shade.

The European has made lovely jewels and will make lovelier ones, but he has never made jewels like those of the Asiatic, who with illimitable art can take from gold all its glitter without diminishing by one iota the perfection of its color, and will hand you a bit of enamel in which the green is as bright as the emerald, the red as fiery as the ruby and the whole as restful to the eye as a piece of turf.

The oriental jeweler has another merit, and in it lies the secret of a possible great development in the demand for European jewelers' work. He always gives to his jewels a certainty of value. His gold is gold of unadulterated purity, his silver truly silver of the standard, his gems the stones they are said to be and his work paid for at an understood and invariable rate. The consequences are that he makes little and that the market for his commoner wares never ceases, jewels being as much property as English sovereigns are, equally portable, nearly as capable of concealment and as fixed in value.—American Jeweler.

A Sunday Scene In Central Park.

Winding paths leading out of the Mall in the Central park were crowded Sunday with "young men and maidens, old men and children," all faring peacefully and enjoying the smell of the flowering shrubs and the sight of sunshine and shade upon the green slopes. Past a great, fragrant syringa bush came the twisted figure of a hunchback, whose feet also were deformed. He moved slowly and painfully, but his face was bright, and he was having fun in spite of his limitations. He talked and laughed with a half grown boy by his side. A group of three young men with flashy clothing and dirty hands came along. The largest of the three slapped the dwarf's head rudely and sent his hat spinning upon the grass. The hunchback uttered a cry of pain and astonishment. His assailant roared with laughter.

A stocky young man, with his hands in his pockets, was strolling leisurely down the path. As the bully passed him he planted a blow in the bully's face. The man was lifted off his feet and tumbled sprawling on the gravel. He arose, hot with wrath, and turned to see what had hit him. The stocky one stood in his tracks, with a look of placid contentment on his face. The bully took one glance and ran away. The hunchback stared in wonder. The stocky one resumed his stroll. Three girls who had seen the interview waved their handkerchiefs at him and smiled.—New York Times.

"The" Hague.

Did you ever stop to ask yourself or your knowing friend the meaning of "The" in the place named The Hague? If you are looking for something that will knock the above mentioned knowing friend off his feet, just ask him the significance of the three letters quoted. When he fails to answer the question, tell him that the The as it occurs in the instance cited is simply the anglicized form of the Dutch word "S Gravenhaas" or "S Gravenhaze," either of which, in the Dutch language, means "the count's hedge" or "the count's grove" or "woods."

Originally the location now occupied by the city of The Hague was the hunting grounds of the counts of Holland. About the year 1240 a palace was built in the grove. Presently a village sprung up around the palace—still it was called "The Count's Hedge"—and finally and lastly a large city, which in the Dutch language has its original signification, but which in modern parlance has been evoluted into "The Hague."—St. Louis Republic.

Cheap Hats For Artists.

All the young women in an art school are doing their studying this summer under the shade of Japanese peasant hats. These are mere disks of loosely plaited straw about two feet wide and cost 10 cents. They have no peak nor crown and are just as suitable for use as table mats as for anything else. To make hats of them it is only necessary to sew a ribbon to one surface of them, leaving its two ends free to tie under the chin as bonnet strings. Thus they become hat and parasol in one.—New York Times.

A Plucky Woman of National Renown.

Dr. Mary Walker is a plucky little body. She still persists in wearing the man's garb, which she must have worn, we guess, for nearly 40 years, if not for half a century. She was young when she first wore it, but though not as young now as she then was she wears it proudly as ever. When last seen out west, her tall, glossy tile sat over her short hair, tinged with the melancholy gray; her yellow spotted necktie looked neat; her black cloth trousers and coat were a perfect fit; her shoes were low, and she tripped along lightly, though not as of yore.

When she came out in this attire ever so long ago, she was ridiculed and caricatured, but she did not give it up. When she walked out, she was laughed at by women and men, but she stuck to it. When she stood on the platform, she was guyed by the audience, but she did not care for that. She had made up her mind on the subject, and that was the end of it. According to a Chicago paper, her face has now an expression of grim determination, and thus far it is a reflex of her soul.

She does not belong to the Turkish school of Chautauqua dress reformers which raised an uproar last year, or to the Bloomer school, or to the divided skirt school. She has her own ideas, and all the winds that blow cannot change them. Dr. Mary Walker is an interesting lady, a very persistent reformer, a gentle member of her sex, a woman deserving of respect notwithstanding her whim. Strange that her example has had so little influence.—New York Sun.

Kangaroo Rats of the Arid Region.

Death valley, that curious depression where men die of thirst with water in their canteens, has flowers and animals of its own. Much of the valley is far below the level of the sea, and so hot and dry is it that birds flying over are said to fall dead on the alkali. It is not very wide, but no man can cross the flaming desert when the sun is high. Yet some animals live on it. These are all small and peculiar. There are rats and mice that look like kangaroos seen through the small end of an opera glass. They have the disproportionate hind legs of the kangaroo, the over developed tail and the feeble front paws. Their manner of progression is that of the Australian beast. They sit up on their strong hind legs and when they move they go by great leaps.

Prospectors first brought the stories of kangaroo rats from the desert, but they were thought to be mythical until the United States government sent its scientists into the country a couple of years ago. They saw the jumping things and brought out many specimens. The wandering scientists found that while the rodents differed from the common rats and mice in length of limb and strength of tail their habits were still those of house vermin. They gnawed the tents and provision sacks, raised havoc with the flour and were generally a nuisance around camp. The scientists had the fun of watching coyotes chase the uncanny jumping rats, which, however, were usually too spry to be caught.—San Francisco Examiner.

His Little Ruse.

The tramp had tried a half dozen houses on the block for a bite to eat and with such poor success that he was almost discouraged. One house was left, and he concluded he would try it. The kitchen door was opened by the mistress of the mansion.

"I beg your pardon, lady," he said with a bow, "but can I get something to eat here?"

"I don't know whether you can or not," she replied. "You tramps bother me almost to death."

"I'm sure, lady, I don't wish to annoy you," apologized the tramp, "and I only came here because—because"——

"Because what?" she asked.

"Because, lady, at the house next door they set such fare before me that really I could not eat, and when I refused it the lady of the house told me I couldn't get half as good anywhere else on the block and drove me out."

The woman looked over the tramp a minute.

"Did she say that?" she asked hotly. "Well, you come in here and see," and as the tramp went in he forgot what a liar he was.—Detroit Free Press.

A Triton Among the Minnows.

Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe is the hero of the following story: During the congress of princes held in Frankfort in the year 1863 a banquet was given by the authorities, to which the notables of the city were invited. The sovereign princes of the German confederation sat apart from the rest of the company and were engaged in an animated conversation when suddenly there was a general commotion among the illustrious guests. The crowned heads rose from their seats to welcome an insignificant little gentleman who had joined the circle. To everybody's astonishment Prince Adolphus alone kept his seat. Then the Elector of Hesse went up to him and whispered in his ear:

"My dear prince, won't you speak to the gentleman along with the rest? Don't you know who he is?"

"No."

"It is Baron Rothschild."

"What of that? He is nothing to me. I don't owe the fellow anything."—Zeitgeist.

Effect of a Tropical Climate.

"The laziest fellers I ever see, not barrin Thompson there even," said the man with the ginger beard, "was down in Central America. Tell you what I see once. I wandered into a little saloon that one of the greasers kep', and what should I see but a log of fellers settin round a table with a lot of dice on it, an all of 'em watchin them dice as if they s'pected them to turn over of their-selves, which, sure enough; they did in a minute. Then I got onto their game. You see, about every three or four minutes they is a earthquake in that country, and them lazy half breeds was lettin the earthquake do the shakin of the box for 'em. Now, what do you think of that?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

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Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st, and Chicago av.

St George No 28—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2263 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

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Offer No. 33—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 31, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

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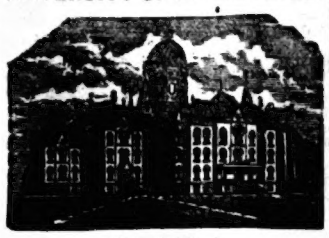

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